



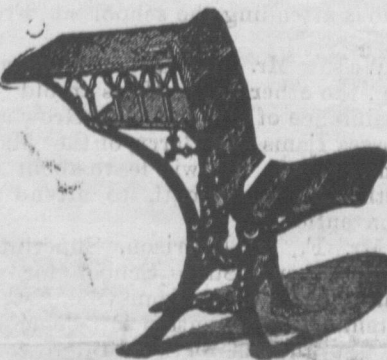
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# The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME IX.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, 1880.

NUMBER 35.

## POETRY.

## THE SERGEANT'S STORY.

TOLD IN THE GRAVEYARD OF A FRONTIER MILITARY POST.

"I tell you, pard, in this western wild,  
As a general thing the dirt's just piled,  
In a rather prominent sort of way  
On top of a soldier's mortal day.  
An' a person'd think by that marble shaft;  
An' the flowers a wavin' above the 'graff,  
That a major-general holds that tomb—  
An' the way the boys formed the mass  
Was real down wicked, an' scandalous!

"I remember the day they swore Mead in;  
He was pale, completed, an' rather thin;  
He'd bin what they call a trampin' body,  
An' enlisted for wank o' sumthin' to eat!  
It's always the case that a new recruit  
In the butt o' the tricks from the older frut;  
An' the way the boys formed the mass  
Was real down wicked, an' scandalous!

"One night as the guard, at twelve o'clock,  
Relieved the sentinel over the stock,  
The corporal seen a kind of a glare  
From toward the officers' quarters, there!  
The alarm was raised, an' the big gun fired,  
An' the soldiers, not more'n half attired,  
Come a rushin' out on the barrack ground  
With a wild an' excited sort o' bound!

"The colonel's headquarters was all afire,  
An' the flames a mountin' higher an' higher!  
An' what with the yell o' men, an' shrieks  
O' the officers' wives, with their whitish cheeks,  
An' the roar o' the flames, an' devilish light,  
Illuminatin' the pitch-dark night,  
Twas such a sight as I've never thought  
You could see in hell, when it's b'lin' hot.

"An' then with a wild despairin' yell,  
The colonel shouted, 'My God! Where's Nell?  
His wife responded, 'She's in her bed!  
Then fell to the ground like a person dead!  
Up through the roof the mad flames roared,  
An' the soldiers' wives, in a dense mass poured  
Through every crevice an' crack, till the cloud  
Hung above like a death-black shroud!

"It mightn't be out o' place to state—  
As kinder accountin' for this Mead's fate—  
That Nell war an angel, ten years old,  
With a heart as pure as the virgin gold;  
An' she had a kind of an angel trick  
O' readin', an' s'ich like, to the sick;  
An' many's the dainty her hands'd bear  
To Mead, one time, in the hospital there!"

"My God! it was 'nough to raise the hair  
On the head of a marble statue! There  
Stood a crowd of at least two hundred men,  
None darin' to enter the fiery pen—  
Men that war brave on an Igin trail,  
Whose courage was never known to fail—  
But to enter the buildin' was certain death!  
So they stood there statin', an' hold their breath.

"Then all at once, with an eager cry,  
An' a buldog look in his flashin' eye,  
He rushed up to the colonel's band,  
An' a paper thrust into the colonel's hand,  
'My mother's address,' he said, an' then  
He sort o' smiled on the crowd o' men,  
An' just like a flash o' lightning, shot  
Through the door right into the seethin' pot!

"With a yell of horror the crowd looked on,  
But they felt with him it was 'good-bye, John!  
But half a minute after the dash,  
An' up stairs window burst with a crash!  
There stood Mead, like a smilin' saint,  
The gal in his arms in a death-like faint.  
He yelled for a rope, an' let her down  
To terra firm—'which means the ground."

"Then he tied the rope to the window-sash,  
For to follow down—but there came a crash,  
An' the blazin' roof, with a fearful din,  
Threwed the boy to the ground as it tumbled in!  
We carried him 'way from the fearful heat,  
A boyin' the noble heart still beat!  
But the old post surgeon shook his head,  
And said, with a sigh, that Mead was dead!"

"It wasn't long after little Nell  
Got over the shock, an' soon as well,  
She circulated among the men,  
With a sheet o' paper, an' ink an' pen  
An' axed each one fur to give his mite,  
In remembrance o' Mead's brave work that night!  
An' as the result this monument stands,  
Among flowers planted by Nellie's hands!

"An' evenin' she walks up here,  
The boys all say, fur to drop a tear!  
An' I've seen her, too, on her knees, right there,  
With her face turned upwards as if in prayer!  
You'll see that line above's to tell  
As how the stout o' 'Bredled by Nell!  
An' down at the bottom, there, you'll see  
Some Bible quotin'—

"HE DIED FOR ME."

## STORE TELLER.

## THE MILL CHIMNEY.

THE STORY OF A BRICKLAYER.

'Twas when I was courtin' Katie  
That the accident I am going to tell  
You about happened. But for that  
Same accident I don't think Katie and  
I would be man and wife to-day, for  
you see my father was set again'  
the match, Katie being only a laborer's  
daughter, while he himself was fore-  
man of the mills, getting good wages,  
and thought a good deal of by his em-  
ployers. An' if it wasn't for Katie, I  
don't think I'd be here now to tell you  
about it, for 'twas she that saved  
my life, through hitting on a plan  
that never once came into the heads  
of me or my comrades—aye, or those  
you'd have thought would know bet-  
ter than any of us.

I was not brought up to my father's  
trade, having been taken, when  
young, by a brother of my mother's,  
a master bricklayer living in the town.  
When my uncle died, I came to  
Lisgarven for a bit just to see my  
father, and finding that they were at  
work on the new building at the mills,  
I looked for employment there, an'  
got it at once. Lisgarven mill is a  
flour mill, an' a pretty place it was  
in those days, with the river running just  
by the old red brick buildings, an'  
the big waterwheel always goin' around  
an' around. The river falls into a large  
one a little lower down an' the  
tide comes up as far as the mill, so 'tis  
in boats that most of the grain is

brought in and the flour carried away.  
'Tisn't half so pretty a place now:  
there are big whitewashed buildings  
alongside of the old brick ones, the  
big wheel is stopped an' you hear  
the whirr of engines instead of the  
sound of the water, but they makes a  
power of money there, an' gives a  
deal of employment.

As I was saying, I got taken on as  
bricklayer. Katie's father was work-  
ing there, too, and I used to see her  
bringing him his dinner, and, after a  
bit, I began to think that I'd like to  
have her bring mine, too. She was  
as pretty a girl then as you'd see any-  
where—she's good lookin' to this day  
—an' I soon became that fond of her  
that I'd done anything a most to get  
her. She herself was willing enough;  
'twas my father that made the diffi-  
culty. He was a proud man; as  
proud in his way as any gentleman,  
an' he was right down mad at the no-  
tion of my marryin' a laborer's  
daughter. To be sure, I was earning  
good wages, an' might have married  
without asking any one's leave if I  
had been so minded, but I didn't like  
to go again the old man that had al-  
ways been good to me. Beside, Katie  
was just as proud as himself, an'  
would have nothing to say to me  
unless he was satisfied. I got the  
owner to speak to him, but sure  
'twasn't no use.

"How would you like, sir," he says  
to the owner, "if I had a daughter,  
to have Master Philip take up with  
her; an' wouldn't that be the same  
thing?"

I believe the owner didn't think it  
would be at all the same thing; but  
my father wouldn't hear the reason  
from him any more than from me;  
so Katie an' I had just nothing for it  
but to wait in the hope of his comin'  
round, an' very little hope had we  
of that same.

As we were putting up a steam en-  
gine in the mill, we had of course to  
have a big chimney, an' we got a man  
down from town to build it—one of  
them chaps that builds chimneys an'  
nothing else, and thinks nobody  
knows anything about it but them-  
selves. I was working along with  
him, an' indeed, 'twas I that built  
the most of it, and a right good job  
it was. 'Twas finished by Christmas  
—ten years ago the Christmas coming  
on—all but the lightning conductor,  
an' that was not put up owing to the  
owner's wantin' to make inquiries  
when he'd go to town an' to see for  
himself what would be the best kind  
to use. The proprietor was a scienti-  
fic sort of a gentleman, an' had deal  
of his own—sometimes they'd be bet-  
ter than other people's, sometimes  
maybe not so good.

At any rate, there was a delay  
about the conductor, an' in the mean-  
time the engine was at work, an' the  
big chimney was smoking away like a  
blaze. Mr. Brown, the strange work-  
man, had gone away, saying, very  
condescending like, that he was sure  
Jim Ford (that was me) would be able  
to fasten the rod to the chimney as  
well as he could do it himself. He  
told all the scaffolding with him, but  
before he went away he fixed a beam  
with a pulley in it into the top of the  
chimney, an' left a long rope hangin'  
through it, so that a man could be  
hoisted up at any time; an' there  
the rope hung dangling, week after  
week, until the owner came home  
bringing the rod with him.

Once it had come, there was no  
good loosing any more time in fixin'  
it, so one Saturday afternoon in  
January, up I went on a plank slung  
securely at the end of the rope, my  
tools along with me, an' settled my-  
self astride on the stone coping.

'Twas rather late in the day, but the  
morning had been too wet an' stormy  
to work, an' the owner was as im-  
patient to get the job done as if it  
hadn't been himself that was hinder-  
in' it all this time. I was as much  
at home atop of the chimney as I was  
on the ground, an' I worked on with-  
out once looking down, until my job  
was finished an' I was putting up my  
tools. Then all of a sudden, I heard  
a rattling noise, and looking over, I  
saw the plank going down, very fast.  
I called out: "Hullo, there! send  
that up again, will you?" but the  
only answer I got was a loud laugh,  
for all the world like silly Jerry the  
natural's; and sure enough, there he  
was, standing by the windlass, jump-  
in' an' clapping his hands.

I looked about for the man whose  
business it was to manage the wind-  
lass, but not a sign of him was there  
an' in a minute I heard the rattle of  
the bell again, and saw the rope was  
running through in the wrong direc-  
tion.—I made a grab at it, but 'twas  
jerked out of my hand, an' before I  
could catch it again the end had  
slipped through, an' there I was  
more than a hundred feet from the  
ground, not knowing how in the  
world how I was to get down, an'  
Jerry dancing an' capering below  
calling out:

"Come down an' thrash me now,  
Mr. Ford, won't you?"  
Then I remembered that a few

days before I had found this boy  
annoyin' Katie, an' had given him a  
cut with a switch, I had in my hand.  
He had slunk away without a word  
at the time, but it seems he remem-  
bered the blow, and took this way of  
being revenged.

Well, at first I was scarcely fright-  
ened, expectin' somehow that once  
the people below knew of the fix I  
was in, they'd find some way of  
gettin' me out of it. But when I  
came to think of it, deuce a bit of a  
way could I hit on myself, an' sure  
I knew more about chimneys than  
any one else in the place. 'Twas  
gettin' late, too; there wouldn't be  
much more than another half hour  
of daylight, and the wind was raisin'  
—I could hear it whistlin' through  
the trees.

By this time people knew what had  
happened, an' a crowd was collect-  
in'; I could see them coming from  
all parts, for of course I had a view  
all about. I saw a boy go up to the  
door of the counting-house, and  
presently young Squire Philip came  
running out—running as if for his  
life. When he came, he took the  
command like an' began giving direc-  
tions, an' the people, who had only  
stared at first, now ran here an' there  
as he sent them. First they brought  
a long ladder, and fixed it on the  
roof below the chimney: I could  
have told them 'twas too short, know-  
in' as I did the length of every lad-  
der in the place; but somehow,  
though I heard their shouts plainly,  
I could not make them hear mine;  
it seemed as if the voices went up  
like smoke.

Then there was a delay while they  
went for a longer ladder, and this,  
too, didn't reach half way. A man  
climbed up it, however, and called  
out to know had I a bit of string in  
my pocket that I could let down.  
Not a bit could I find. I had, had  
a big ball only the day before, but  
had taken it out of my pocket and  
put it on a shelf at home. I took  
off my braces, an' fastened them an'  
my pocket handkerchief together;  
but they didn't near reach the top  
of the ladder, so that plan had to be  
given up.

All this time the wind was raisin',  
an' I was gettin' numb and cold, an'  
stiff and cramped from being so long  
in one position. There was a big  
clock right over the gateway just  
opposite, and I saw that it only want-  
ed twenty minutes to five, an' once  
the darkness set in, what little hope I  
had would be gone.

The young squire seemed to have  
gone away by this time, but there  
was my father among the crowd; and  
who should I see standing next to  
him, and holding on by his arm, but  
Katie! They had forgotten every-  
thing but the fright about me, an'  
he seemed to be talking to her, an'  
comforting her. After a bit I saw  
the young squire again; he had a  
big thing in his hand looking like  
pocket handkerchiefs stretched over  
a frame, an' I saw that it was a kite,  
an' that they meant to send a string  
up to me in that way. But you  
never in all your life saw such an  
unmanageable kite. First 'twas too  
heavy, and then 'twas too light, and  
then the time they seemed to lose  
making a tail to steady it! I heard  
after that the same tail was made  
of bank-notes Squire Philip took out  
of his pocket when he could get noth-  
ing else quick enough. He got them  
all back later, for not a man, woman  
or child, in the place would have  
touched one of them when they saw  
him usin' them in that way.

When the kite did go up at last the  
wind was so high that they could not  
manage it properly. It came very  
near me once, and I made a snatch at  
the string, nearly over-reachin' my-  
self in doing so; but I missed it, an'  
just then there came a terrible gust of  
wind, the string broke, and the kite  
was carried away, an' stuck fast in  
the branches of a big tree behind the  
proprietor's house. I looked over at  
the clock to see how much time was  
left me, and I found that I could not  
see tie hands any longer; the dark-  
ness had come on in the last few min-  
utes. Then I gave up all hope, for I  
knew I could never hold on till morn-  
in'.

I tried to think of death, and to  
make myself ready for it, but I could-  
n't—not a prayer or a good word  
could I call to mind, only going over  
at over again in my head the way  
'twould all happen—how the people  
would go away one by one, how I'd  
be left alone in the darkness and  
be howlin' wind, an' how at last I'd  
be able to hold on any longer,  
and fall, and be found in the morn-  
in' all crushed out of shape, the peo-  
ple below seem'd to have given up  
all thought of helping me now, an'  
were standing quite quiet.

'Twas so dark by this time that I  
could not distinguish the faces at all;  
I could just make out Squire Philip  
in his dark suit among the white mil-  
men, an' poor Katie. She was crouch-  
in' down on the ground now, her  
apron over her head. All of a sud-

den I saw her leap up with a great cry,  
an' clap her hands, an' call out some-  
thing. Then there was a confused  
sort of shout as if every one in the  
crowd was saying the same thing at  
the same time, and then Squire Phil-  
ip, making a sign to silence them, put  
up his two hands up to his mouth, an'  
sang out in a voice that came up to  
me above the noise of the wind:

"Take off your stockings and ravel  
it; the thread will reach the ground."  
At first I didn't understand him,  
being dazed like, but then the mean-  
in' came to me like a message from  
heaven. I got off one of my socks  
with some trouble—nice new ones  
they were, too, of Katie's own knit-  
ting, that she had given me for a  
Christmas box—and with the help of  
my teeth I loosened one end of the  
thread. It gave readily enough after  
that, an' when I had a good piece of  
it ripped I tied my knife to the end of  
it to make it heavy, and let it drop,  
rippin' more and more of the sock as  
it went down. Then I felt it stop,  
and presently there came a shout tell-  
in' me to wind it up again. Very  
slowly an' carefully I did it, fearin'  
the string would break, and when  
the last bit of it came up, there was  
a piece of strong twine tied to the end  
of it. The twine in its turn brought  
up the rope I had gone up by, and  
then I felt that I was safe.

I managed somehow to put it  
through the pulley, an' haul up the  
plank, an' as soon as they had fasten-  
ed the other end to the windlass be-  
low, they gave me word to come  
down.

I was so numb and stiff that I  
could not fix myself on the plank, but  
I managed somehow to cling to the  
ropes with my hands. Down, down  
I came, every turn of the windlass  
making the voices below seem nearer  
an' nearer, an' when I was within a  
dozen feet of the ground there were  
a hundred voices ready to catch me.  
An' there was my father waiting for  
me, an' Philip saying:

"But for the girl he'd have been up  
there still. Not one of us would have  
thought of the stocking; 'twas the  
brightest idea I've come across this  
many a day. She has saved his life,  
Ford, and you can't refuse to con-  
sent any longer."

But when I looked around for Katie,  
she was nowhere to be seen. She  
must have slipped off as soon as she  
saw I was safe.

The young squire hurried my  
father and me away, I didn't quite  
know where, I was so dazed, but in a  
minute or two I found myself in a  
warm lighted dining room at the  
master's house, an' Master Philip  
shaking hands with my father. As  
soon as I could, I made my escape, an'  
went down to Katie's cottage. I  
hadn't been there five minutes when  
there was a knock at the door, and in  
walks my father. He went straight  
up to Katie, holding out his hand.

"Katie, my girl," he said, "I've  
come to ask your pardon for any-  
thing I've ever said or done against  
you, an' if you an' Jim are still of  
the same mind I won't hinder you  
from marryin'. 'Tis you have the  
best right to him, for you've saved his  
life."

"An' 'tis proud and glad I am  
that I was able to do that same, Mr.  
Ford," said Katie.

"An' you'll marry him, won't you,  
my dear?"

"If you're satisfied, sir."

"I am, my dear, quite satisfied."

And with that he kissed her; and  
from that day to this, he and Katie  
have been the best of friends. He has  
lived with us for the last year or so,  
for he was getting a little past his  
work, and the proprietor pensioned  
him off. He is very happy with us,  
and is never tired of telling the  
children the story of the way their  
mother's cleverness saved my life.

A preacher who is slovenly in hi-  
attire, allowing his hair to keep un-  
kept, his nails uncleaned, his boots  
unblackened, and his clothes unbrushed,  
will prove a very poor conductor  
of Divine truth.—*Howard Crosby.*

The readiest way for a mediocre  
man to gain notoriety is for him to  
proclaim himself an infidel and at-  
tack the Bible. His blows may be  
as feeble as a hen's pecking, but they  
are sure to attract notice, because  
of the holy and tender regard in which  
path he assails is held by the noblest  
wart of the race.—*New York Tri-  
bune.*

Men act the fool nowhere as in  
matters of religion. Here they ex-  
pect to get everything for nothing.  
Unconscious of God's presence, in-  
sensible to His love, with a positive  
derelish for His society, they would  
think themselves terribly abused if  
informed that they will not be per-  
mitted to spend an eternity with Him.  
It is a fact, however. Heaven is a  
character. It is the natural outcome  
of a certain internal condition. It is  
not the reversal and the converse of  
the life in the flesh.—*The Standard.*

The College for Mute Ladies  
Instead of Mute Negroes.

For speaking gentlemen and gen-  
tlewomen there are plenty of colleges  
in the United States, by which the  
majority of them are maintained,  
while there is only one college for  
male mutes; but none for our un-  
fortunate silent sisters. Thus "why  
should not our sisters be admitted  
into the National Deaf-Mute College  
as the gentlemen do, or why should  
a college for the mute ladies not be  
established just like the speaking  
ladies", who are said to have 300  
colleges in the Union, of which the  
majority are public?" is a question  
that is frequently interrogated.

As I am a firm believer in "mute  
ladies' rights"—especially their right  
to go to the above mentioned college,  
if they wish to, I venture to pen  
an article in order that the mute  
ladies should be admitted to the  
college in place of the mute negroes  
(who expect to go there this session),  
if the latter have been given author-  
ity to get admittance to our college.  
Though the catalogue of our college  
does not say that it is neither for  
ladies nor for negroes, yet the Guide  
Book of Washington City, D. C.,  
declares that our college is for "sexes  
both." There is no important reason  
that I know of why ladies should  
not have the same rights as gentle-  
men have, and also that the negroes  
instead of our unfortunate sisters  
should be allowed to come in college  
this year. This must be a dreadful  
insult to the mute ladies of the  
United States, as if the negroes are  
more worthy than the ladies.

Let us never lose the remembrance  
that ladies are only female men, that  
their intellectual organs are precisely  
like men's and that there is no  
such thing as "sex of soul." I claim  
and maintain that the ladies should  
have a right to go to a public college,  
as the truth is they have the same  
aspiration for knowledge and refine-  
ment, to have the ability to assist in  
setting in motion the wheels of com-  
merce, and to live well on the stage  
of life that we—the college students—  
have.

How did the first institution for  
deaf and dumb come into existence  
at Hartford, Conn.? Though the  
influence of the little mute girl whom  
Rev. Dr. Thomas H. Gallaudet  
afterwards married. Through her  
little influence there are now more  
than 150 institutions with the college  
in this new world! This is one of  
the illustrations of man's selfishness—  
that ladies should not be admitted to  
our college in place of negroes—yet  
the majority of those who stand  
against the negroes struck our din-  
ner tables so hard that the dishes  
danced, that our little sisters should  
be welcomed to our college if the  
negroes are allowed to go there.

If parents wish to give their daugh-  
ters something as a part of their  
education, that would initiate them  
into the real economy of every day  
affairs the something would be a col-  
legiate education.

Many of us say that if our college  
would be mixed with "sexes both,"  
it would be worse and worse. If so,  
how? Ladies of true intelligence  
are blessings at home, in their circle  
of friends, and in society not only,  
but also in college. Wherever they  
go, they always carry with them a  
health giving influence. There is a  
beautiful harmony about their char-  
acter that at once inspires respect.  
The influence of such ladies upon  
society is of the most salutary kind.  
They strengthen right principles in  
the virtuous, incite the selfish and  
indifferent to good actions, and give  
to even the light and frivolous a  
taste for food more substantial than  
the frothy gossip with which they  
seek to recreate their minds.

Thackeray says: "It is better for  
you (gentlemen) to pass one evening,  
once or twice a week, in a lady's  
drawing-room, even though the con-  
versation is slow, and you know the  
girl's song by heart, than in a club,  
a tavern, or a pit of a theatre. All  
amusements of youth to which vir-  
tuous women are not admitted, rely  
on it, are delirious in their nature.  
All men who avoid female society  
have dull preceptions and are stupid,  
or have gross tastes and revolt against  
what is pure. Your club swaggers,  
who are sucking the butts of their  
billiard cues all night, call female  
society insipid. Poetry is uninspir-  
ing to a jockey; beauty has no charm  
for a blind man; music does not  
please a beast who does not know  
one tune from another, but as a pure  
epicure is hardly tired of water,  
sauces, and brown bread and butter,  
I protest I can sit for a whole even-  
in' talking with a well regulated  
kindly woman about her girl Fanny,  
or her boy Frank, and like the even-  
in' entertainment. One of the  
great benefits a man can derive from  
a woman's society is that he is bound  
to be respectful to her. The habit is  
of great good to your moral man,  
depend upon it. Our education

makes us the eminently selfish men  
in the world."

Milton says:—

"What she wills to do or say  
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best."

Let me say how the ladies can im-  
prove our college with great and  
important advantages, which are as  
follows: 1st, the ladies can hold a  
steady moral sway over their male  
associates, so strong as to prevent  
them from becoming such lawless  
rowdies; 2d, they can rival us as  
the former well know, in learning,  
in understanding, in virtue and in all  
noble qualities of mind and heart;  
3d, they can produce a subduing, and  
harmonizing influence of purity and  
truth prevailing and, hollowing from  
centre to circumference, the whole  
circle in which they move; 4th, they  
can tame the sway of rude students,  
subdue their ferocity, soften our  
manners, teach us; 5th, the inter-  
course of ladies and gentlemen to-  
gether forms another and important  
element in the happy influence of  
college, the former mollifies, tames  
and refines, while the latter animates  
and heartens; 6th, that as our college  
has no ladies it is a dangerous and  
dreadful gift.

Ladies have exercised a most re-  
markable judgment in regard to  
great issues, as they have prevented  
the casting aside of plans which led  
to very remarkable discoveries and  
inventions. When Columbus laid a  
plan to discover the new world, he  
could not get a hearing till he ap-  
plied to a woman for help. Ladies  
equip men for the voyage of life, yet  
they are seldom leaders in any pro-  
ject, but meet their peculiar and best  
attitude as helpers. Though men  
execute a project, yet ladies fit them  
for it, beginning in their childhood;  
though a man discovered America,  
yet a woman equipped the ships for  
the voyage; though men therefore  
execute the performance everywhere,  
yet ladies train the men. Thus,  
though Dr. Gallaudet had establish-  
ed the first institution, yet his plans  
were made successful through the in-  
fluence of the little mute girl! It is  
said that Prof. Alexander Bell at-  
tempted to invent an instrument to  
restore his mute wife her hearing, but  
instead of this, he was mysteriously  
led to invent the "Bell Telephone,"  
which is extensively used in the  
world now.

Now if the students say that ladies  
would lead our college into a worse  
condition, why do nearly all of them  
spend their valuable time in calling  
on the speaking ladies in Washington  
every evening? Does that make their  
condition better or worse? About  
two years ago, our college lost  
seven most brilliant students on the  
ground that there were no ladies.  
Also, it is said, one half of the num-  
ber of the best students will leave if  
any negroes are admitted.

Some of the students say that the  
ladies can not take a full course at  
the college. No matter, a great  
many mute ladies in the Union, es-  
pecially those who have gone through  
the high school classes, are more in-  
telligent than many of us, who ought  
to give up their places to the ladies.  
Miss Fuller is the distinguished lady  
writer and poet of the United States.  
Miss "Mignon," whose age is said to  
be 18, is the wittiest writer in the  
Journal. There are many such  
distinguished ladies as Miss Fuller  
of which we have never heard.

Don't let our sisters be without a  
collegiate education, "and be at the  
mercy of others, like poor, helpless  
animals." Gentlemen, if you don't  
care anything for the ladies rights,  
what if God had created you females,  
how would you feel? Just as our  
sisters do who can't obtain a col-  
legiate education.

Many ladies say Dr. Edward Gal-  
laudet is very unjust and mean, on  
the plea that he has not founded an-  
other college for ladies. They are  
greatly mistaken, as he is so busy all  
the time, he is the president and  
teacher of our college, the Superin-  
tendent of the Columbia Institution for  
the Deaf and Dumb, and of the  
Baltimore Institution for the Blind,  
and president of many important of-  
fices in Washington, and is now in  
Europe on business for all the United  
States Institutions.

Fathers, mothers, as you value the  
happiness of your mute daughters  
give this matter careful consideration.



# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUG. 26, 1880.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

The DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue, is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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## CONTRIBUTIONS.

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To-day witnesses a grand sight at Cincinnati where the deaf-mute world, represented by appointed delegates, meets to ponder over ways and means for advancing our common interests. As the day of opening drew near the excitement has been intense, which is a sure proof that great hopes are centered in the great gathering. Those of our readers who have kept up with the discussion of the question from its birth to the present time will remember what a struggle the convention project has gone through and how ably it has withstood all assaults. That it will be a success, there is no room for doubt, as from the latest accounts it will be seen that all the prominent deaf-mute Associations throughout the Union will be represented by one or more delegates.

Those who are present at the Convention only in spirit will await with something like anxiety for the earliest accounts of the proceedings. We have completed arrangements to have the most precise and detailed account of all that takes place, and the readers of the JOURNAL will have the news in advance of all others.

A new epoch in the history of the mute world is dawning, and we confidently hope that the result of the convention will prove clearly that we are in no respect behind the universal advancement which characterizes the period in which we live.

We have received the Third Annual Report of the Western New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes, for the year ending September 30th, 1879. The number in attendance during the year was 133—78 males and 55 females. The total expenditure during the year beginning October, 1878, and ending October 1879, was \$26,198.09, or about \$197 per pupil. The institution has a peculiarly original method of instructing its pupils by the kindergarten system, which is quite different to the system pursued in any of the other deaf-mutes school. Signs are discouraged, and the pupils are forbidden to communicate with each other except by writing or the manual alphabet. The institution has been only running three years, so that a decided opinion as to the merits of the system established can not be given at this early day.

## NOTICES.

The Rev. Job Turner expects to hold services at Baltimore, Md., Sunday, August 22d; Parkersburg, W. Va., Sunday, August 29th; probably Clarksville, W. Va., Wednesday, September 1st, and New York, Sunday, September 5th. After which he will be present at the meeting of the New England Gallandet Association, which is to meet in Boston, Monday, September 6th. After its adjournment, he will hold services again in various places in New England and Canada till the middle of October, as the way may providentially open. Then he will go south for the Winter and Spring.

Sunday Services for the deaf-mutes in Worcester, Mass., will be held on the following dates:—June, 27th, July, 25th, \*August, 1st, August, 22d, \*August, 29th, September, 26th, \*October, 3d, October 24th, \*October 31st, November 28th, \*December 5th, December 26th.

\*Services will be held on the dates marked with a star only when the preceding Sunday has been rainy.

Will those deaf persons who are proficient in articulation and lip-reading, and who use this method habitually in their intercourse with hearing people, please send their name and address to Miss Myra E. Alden, Dixmont, Maine. She wishes to communicate with them on a matter of importance.

The monthly services for deaf-mutes in St. Ann's Chapel, Brooklyn, St. Andrews Church, Harlem, and Christ Church, Williamsburg, will be suspended during August and September.

Services for deaf-mutes in St. Ann's Church, 18th Street, near 5th Avenue, New York City, every Sunday in August, at 3:30 P.M. On September 5th, and afterwards, at 2:45 P.M.

Services for deaf-mutes will be held in Whiteport, Ulster Co., N. Y., the 15th, at 3 o'clock P.M., and in St. Paul's Church, in Troy, the 29th, at 2:30 P.M. Mr. G. W. Schutt will officiate.

## The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for good faith. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Dr. Porter has gone to Hartford.

The Canadian mutes had a picnic on the 4th.

The mutes of Mattoon, Ill., talk of organizing a society.

Charles H. Angle, of North Topeka, Kan., is now in Chicago.

Charles Wolf, of St. Louis, paid Chicago a short visit lately.

There are about thirteen mutes living in the new town of Caldwell, Kan.

Prof. Martin, of the Kansas Mute School, lately paid the Illinois School a visit.

Fred Fennel has left Georgetown, N. Y., and is now living in Pennsylvania.

Over one hundred and twenty dollars has been collected for the McGann Monument.

John Cavanaugh is in Chicago selling his books and giving pantomime exhibitions.

Several mutes of Chicago went on an excursion to Benton Harbor, Mich., July 3d and 5th.

Miss Lillie Iverson, of Englewood, Ill., is sojourning with friends in Manitowoc, Wis.

Miss Ellen S. Berry has been paying her friend and classmate, Miss Ellen McHenry, a visit.

Rufus W. Anderson is working at his trade in Warsaw, Ill. He expects to go to Lancaster, Mo., this summer.

Daniel W. Cary is employed in a large printing office in Boston. He was once a student of the National College.

The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. George has been seriously afflicted with whooping cough in its worst form.—*Letter*.

Mr. and Mrs. James Lewis went to the Catskills on Tuesday, August 17th, for a change of air. They hope to have a pleasant time.

A deaf-mute, formerly a pupil of the Illinois Mute School, has been sentenced to six years' imprisonment in the penitentiary at Wyoming Territory.

Mr. James Simpson was married to a Miss Laura Wright, of Burlington, Ia., on the 21st of July. The happy pair spent a portion of their honeymoon in Chicago.

Mr. J. O'Neil, of Lowell, a member of the Lowell Society, and Mr. John H. Lutz, of Haverhill, Mass., were in New York on Sunday last, and attended St. Ann's Church.

B. K. Payne, long known as a tramp and worth less fellow, was lately given ten years in the Colorado State Prison for some crime. Some of our readers may remember him.

With their friends, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Ould went to the seaside on the 21st, where they hired a cottage for a week, and expect to have good times in fishing, bathing and boating.

God permitting, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Crossman and some other mutes living in and around Thomaston, will go to the New England Deaf-Mute Convention at Boston, next month.

Mr. Charles Angle has been in Chicago for about a month past. He has secured a place in a wire fence factory in that city. He paid a short visit to his sister, Mrs. Charles Reed, at Menasha, Wis.

It is said from good authority that Miss Dezenzo (can't spell her name—sister of that young man who walks so much), of Brooklyn, is to be married to a hearing gentleman next month. Preparations are quite brisk.

Martin Krandsky, who is a pupil of the Rochester Institution, writes that he took a trip to Canada about three weeks ago with Philip Brown. He says he likes to read the JOURNAL, and will send \$1.50 in September.

We had been wondering if the Chicago Letter had gone where the woodbine twined, as we had not received the July number, but we were agreeably surprised a few days ago by receiving the July and August numbers together.

John Harrison, who left a good position in Brooklyn, N. Y., a year or so ago, to better his condition abroad, after traveling through several States in search of employment without avail, recently returned to Jersey City, and is now laying dangerously ill in a hospital.

Mrs. E. J. McDougall, of Jersey City, went to Stamford, Conn., on the 14th of July last, and spent three weeks with her uncle and aunt. She passed a very nice time, and came home last week. She heard about Miss Eliza Lockwood, who resides there.

Mr. F. C. Holloway, who graduated from the National Deaf-Mute College in 1878, and who is now teaching in the Iowa Institution, paid a short visit to Chicago lately in company with a son of Mr. Edmund Booth, who is also teaching in the same Institution.

When one of three females walking the street takes the liberty of knocking the hat off a deaf and dumb man, that can be put down for unadvisable conduct, but when the deaf and dumb man retaliates by using an umbrella upon the female who has made herself so familiar, the matter becomes a little more serious. Such an occurrence as the above took place on Superior Street on Sunday night. Some one said that the deaf and dumb man was connected with one of the leading hotels of the city.—*Cleveland Leader*.

Mrs. Hill Fairman is visiting her mother in Hubbardston, Mass., and is having a nice time with her little niece and nephew. She left her home in Hartford last July, in company with her husband who remained two weeks with her at her mother's house, then went to New York by way of the Norwich Line, spending three days there. Mrs. Fairman contemplates making her intimate friend and former classmate Mrs. Reed, of Harvard, a visit about the last of this month. Her husband expects to meet her at Worcester on his way to the N. E. G. A. Convention which they will both attend together.

The mutes of Columbus, O., were agreeably surprised to meet Collins Sawhill in their city last week.

Andy McDonald and James Stratton, of New York City, visited the New York Institution last week.

Robert King, of Ohio, has obtained employment in West Jefferson, Ohio. He will begin work September 1st.

W. A. Miles would like to learn of the whereabouts of Mr. Julius Kraft, his classmate while at the Philadelphia Institution.

Mr. Hazen, night watchman at the New York Institution, has returned from his two weeks vacation, and looks well and hearty.

Miss Emily Dezendorf, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is to be married September 14th, to Mr. Patrick Keitt, a plumber and gas-fitter by occupation.

Miss Carrie Powers, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was prevented by a cold from visiting her friend, Miss Annie Bryan, of the New York School, last week.

Wallace H. Krause, taking advantage of the cheap excursion rates to Chicago, has gone home to Michigan. The "Little Giant" may drop in at the National Convention.

Mr. W. H. Green, the Secretary of the Worcester Deaf-Mute Christian Association, and his wife, will visit the East before they attend the New England Convention.

George Holmes and Harry White, of Boston, remained over Sunday in New York City on their way to the National Convention. They visited St. Ann's Church in the afternoon.

On the 18th inst., E. Souweine returned to Boston from Worcester, where he had a jolly time for two weeks. He intends to remain there for several days, and then return to New York.

A deaf-mute, about twenty years old, named John Gran, went through trains in the depot this morning with thieving intent. He was taken in by Policeman Mahoney.—*Columbus Times*.

Mr. Wallace F. Howell, of the New York Institution, has returned from his vacation. He passed part of his time at the residence of the father of James T. Thorne, a pupil at the New York School.

Miss Alice Houghton, of Worcester, Mass., the leading deaf-mute belle of society, expects to be at the New England Convention. Her sister Edith, also a deaf-mute, will return to the Clark Institute at Northampton this fall.

Frank Crocker, who was suffering from some sort of fever a few weeks ago and went into the country to regain his health, was in New York City last week. He has gained considerable in flesh and looks hale and hearty.

James H. Caton and John Glass, whom the former had invited to spend his school vacation with him, together with the former's father, made a sixty mile drive in three days lately. Their course was from Highland, Ulster Co., to a certain village in Orange Co.

Miss Elmore Rose, formerly a pupil at the N. Y. Institution, is at present working for her aunt in a very pleasant place in the country four miles from Highland. Miss Shute, of Brooklyn, who is now visiting in Poughkeepsie, is expected to spend a few weeks with Miss Rose.

Mr. J. C. McQuinn and William A. Nelson, of Sharon Centre, Ia., formerly students of the National College at Washington, would like to know if we, U. S. & Co., was ever a student in the college, and whether he choose his *nom de plume* on account of its frequent use there.

It has been suggested by some members of the Manhattan Literary Association, that upon the return of the Gallandet brothers and Dr. Peet from Europe, the Association should tender them, as benefactors of the deaf and dumb, a banquet. What say our brother members?

On Saturday evening, August 14th, a party of thirty deaf-mutes assembled at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Heinzman, to celebrate their wedding. After having partaken of a sumptuous supper, games were indulged in until a late hour. Much credit is due the Committee consisting of Messrs. W. Conzelmann, Fred Hoffman and A. Stein, for their efforts to make the affair a success.

Prof. R. P. McGregor, Principal of the Cincinnati Deaf-Mute Day School, who has been for the past two weeks the guest of Mr. Robert Patterson, left for Cincinnati this morning. Prof. McGregor is Chairman of the local Committee of Arrangements of the National Deaf-Mute Convention which meets in that city next Wednesday. A number of mutes from Columbus expect to attend the gathering, as it is the first of the kind ever held.—*Columbus Times*.

Solomon H. Winne, who was a pupil at the N.Y. Institution for several years, but who has not attended school for the past year on account of poor health, has been trying the cooling effect of the breakers at Coney Island for the past several days, in company with his father, the result being that he has greatly improved in health. It is doubtful whether he will resume his studies at the Institution again this year. He has grown considerably since he was last seen at the Institution, and now sports a darling of a moustache.

During his brief sojourn in Philadelphia, on the night of the 19th inst., the Rev. Job Turner received calls from a good number of his deaf-mute friends, who reside in the vicinity, the company of whom he enjoyed highly until bed time. The next day he started for Baltimore to hold services for deaf-mutes on Sunday, the 22d inst. He intends to stop at the White Sulphur Springs over night on the 23d, on his way to Cincinnati, O., which city will ever be remembered in the history of the silent world, as having been the seat of the first National Deaf-Mute Convention.

The son of J. C. Hummer, of Sharon Centre, Ia., recently had a very narrow escape. He was sitting in a hay wagon in company with William A. Nelson, the deaf-mute prize runner at the National Fair and also a student of the National College, when the team became frightened by a stray cow, sprang forward quickly and ran away. Mr. Nelson was jerked from the wagon, but young Hummer remained. After running a short distance the frightened horses got loose from the wagon and ran home. The boy was not injured.

There is another rising athlete (mute), of Philadelphia. His name is Mr. Joseph Bruthi—He is, however, rather too modest to challenge any one, and might make a famous professional athlete, but for his modesty. At the Scotch Games, at Sanger Park, Frankford, some two miles from Philadelphia, August 9th, the young athlete was invited to run a 150 yards race with the eight best. Luckily, the mute beat all his competitors, and won the prize \$12. His time was 14 1/2 seconds. Mr. Bruthi says that he will run again at the English Games, on the 16th of September. We wish to know in how many seconds Mr. Frisbee can run 150 yards.

The New York School opens September 1st.

Alexander Houghton was in Chicago on business two weeks ago.

Mr. E. A. Wellington, of Boston, will spend a two weeks' vacation in Maine.

"Geraldine" goes to Stamford on the 18th, to meet Miss Lockwood a visit.

Mr. Krause, of Boston, is spending his two weeks' vacation in the West.

Alden F. Osgood expects to go to Baltimore, Norfolk and Washington next fall on a visit.

The two services held in Boston on the 18th, by Rev. Job Turner, were well attended.

Alex. Dezendorf makes regular visits to Harlem every week. Wonder what the inducement is?

Most of the deaf-mutes of Worcester, Mass., have decided to go to the New England Convention in a body.

Mrs. D. M. Howe, the most popular deaf-mute lady of society in Worcester, has gone to Auburn, Mass., for recuperation.

Lewis Lyons is fast becoming a good amateur walker. He walked three miles in twenty-eight minutes and two seconds.

Miss Sallie Baretow, of Philadelphia, has returned home from Ocean Grove, apparently well satisfied with the pleasure she had sought for.

C. D. Edmonston, who graduated from the New York Institution last June, is now working on his father's farm in Moodna, Orange Co., N. Y.

Those hotel boats, exposed by the proprietor of the American House, Troy, are wanted in Cleveland, where they too, left a board-bill unpaid.

The wife and daughter of J. C. Hummer, of Sharon Centre, Ia., expect to attend the State Fair at Des Moines, and also visit friends in that city, next week.

Miss Mary A. Weyant, a pupil of the New York Institution, attended the recent picnic of hearing people at Tarrytown, N. Y., in company with her cousin.

Messrs. Tillman and Hanneman paid Louis Lyons and Lewis Morris a visit last week. They are both jolly fellows. We wish they would come more frequently.

Mr. Herman Erbe does not expect to go to the N. E. G. A. Convention, as he wants to lay some money up for some important thing in future—maybe marriage.

At St. Stephen's Church, Philadelphia, on Sunday, August 15th, the Rev. Mr. Mann baptized the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Bayne. The attendance was large.

Mrs. E. D. Denny, of Worcester, Mass., is now visiting her deaf-mute friends in Natick. She has been visiting friends in Amherst and Nashua, N. H., for the past five weeks.

Fred W. Hewitt, a pupil of the New York Institution, who is at present in Morrisstown, Sullivan Co., N. Y., intends to make a call on C. S. Doane, of Syracuse, soon.

Mrs. J. E. Livingston, of Lake Village, formerly of Chicopee, recently returned to Springfield, Mass., to live. The deaf-mutes of Springfield are really glad to have her company again.

Mr. McQuinn, of Worcester, Mass., a pupil at the American Asylum for several years, continues to be in the weaving business. He has been working in the same place for twenty-two years.

Geraldine wishes to say she is a little wiser than she was when "L. M." and "Archie" called last month. She knows them both, unless there is an unlimited number of individuals who write under the same name. "L. M." must call on "G." when he returns to New York. Important.

Mr. Marcus H. Kerr, the President of the Michigan Deaf-Mute Alumni Association, has appointed an executive committee of five members. The following are the names: John N. Lowry, of South Saginaw; Delos A. Simpson, of St. Louis, Mo.; Ed. Van Damme, of Detroit; John J. Buchanan, of Flint, and Collins C. Colby, of Flint.

Mrs. C. Roberts accompanied Mrs. V. Thomas and family to Manhattan Beach last week. Miss Rosa is staying with Mrs. Roberts, her former teacher at present, but will go with her mother and aunt to Saratoga soon, to stay until the fall term begins at the New York Institution. Then Mrs. Thomas will get board near the Institution and stay until October, or November.

The person who sent the item to the JOURNAL two weeks ago, saying Miss Lockwood of Bridgeport, was seen with Mrs. Roberts at church, must have been of a very imaginative turn of mind. The person with Mrs. R. was Miss Rosa Thomas, of Vicksburg, also her mother and family. Moreover, Miss Lockwood does not live in Bridgeport, but in Stamford, Conn.

There will be a go-as-you-please walking match for deaf-mutes, at the Harlem River Park, 126th street and 24th Avenue, on the 24th of this month. The prizes will be a handsome silver medal to the one making the greatest number of miles in one hour. To the next best will be given a nice silk handkerchief. The third will get a pocket-book. The entrance fee for each contestant is fixed at 50 cents. All deaf-mutes are invited to attend. All entries should be made to Lewis Morris, Station "L," Harlem.

A member of the Manhattan Literary Association, in speaking of the special meeting on the 19th inst., says:—That was a good suggestion made by one of the members, that the Association charter a special car, and all connected with the M. L. A., attend the Convention in a body. This would undoubtedly have prevailed, had the association more time in which to perfect details, but, as it is, they done the next best thing, by sending the President and 1st Vice-President. Next year the Convention of the Empire State Association takes place at Utica, which the writer hopes the association will attend in a body.

A party of deaf-mutes from New York and neighborhood left this city last night to attend the first National Convention of Deaf-Mutes, which is to be opened next Wednesday, at Cincinnati. The object of the convention is to adopt methods for bettering the condition of the deaf and dumb in the United States. Prominent deaf-mutes from all parts of the country will be present at the convention, and a number of important papers will be submitted. Those who compose the party who left New York last night were E. A. Hodgson, editor of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL; Henry White, Secretary of the New England Gallandet Association; Theodore A. Froehlich, President of the Manhattan Literary Association of this city; Geo. A. Holmes, President of the Boston Deaf-Mute Society; Thomas Fox, delegate from the Deaf-Mute Catholic Union of this city; and Moses Heyman.—*New York World, Monday, Aug. 23d, 1880.*

William A. Emmons is at present in Millstone, N. J.

Edward J. Halliey left the New York Institution for good on Tuesday.

Charles Cooper, of Rochester, N. Y., says he desires Hancock and English elected.

Mr. John A. Graham, of Rochester, N. Y., is a cabinetmaker by occupation, and is earning good wages.

James Thorne, a pupil of the New York Institution, is helping his father on the farm in St. Andrews, N. Y.

Miss Bella Porter, of Wrentham, Mass., promises to attend the N. E. G. A. Convention. Some one will be glad.

The young ladies of Boston prefer Downer's Landing to Nantasket Beach, as the place for the excursion of the N. E. G. A. Convention.

Newhall, our "Big Giant" is sick in bed, but his many friends will be glad to hear that he is out of any serious danger, at this moment of writing.

Albert C. Hargrave has returned to Boston, looking better than he did before he went away. Perhaps he has found what he sought in his travels.

Miss C. B. Felver, of Jersey City, paid her friend, Miss Wendtendyke a visit on Sunday last, and had quite a pleasant chat. She promised to call again soon.

A new society, composed of Catholic mutes will soon be established in New York City. Nearly all the prominent mutes of the city have promised to join.

Miss Mary Ann Weyant, of Tompkins Cove, has for the past week been on a visit to her brother in Orange County. He has charge of a school there.

Mr. Holmes, the head of the Boston Society, found an opportunity at the last moment to attend the National Convention. Thus the Boston Society is well represented by its chief.

Myron Palmer, of Cossack, N. Y., a pupil of the New York Institution, is suffering from a felon on one of his fingers. It will not, however, interfere with his returning to school on the first of September.

H. H. B. McMaster of Pittsburg, Pa., expects to attend the New England Gallandet Association Convention if nothing happens to prevent him between now and then. He will be pleased to see his old school and classmates there.

Willie F. Rudolph, a good carver on wood, has just recovered from three months of illness. At one time, his life was almost despaired of, but now he is all right, and has resumed work in Melrose, the home of the "Big Giant."

George E. Fischer, of Maine, is respectfully informed that something of importance, bearing his name, is awaiting delivery. The same may be obtained by calling or communicating by letter with his cousin, Charles, of Boston.

Miss Caddie B. Felver, a pupil of the New York Institution, in company with her sister Alice, (?) has been spending the past month on the shores of Coney and Staten Islands, and has just returned to her home in Jersey City. She is considerable improved in appearance.

On the 20th inst., a birthday party consisting of deaf-mutes and hearing friends came to congratulate Miss Annie Barry, one of the most amiable ladies in Baltimore. They had a pleasant time, and Mr. Barry, one of the Directors of the School and a warm friend of deaf-mutes, gave a feast of watermelons, cantaloupes and various fruits.

Mr. Geo. T. Dougherty, of St. Louis, had an operation performed upon his right eye which resulted in enabling that organ to look a man straight into the face instead of obliquely as heretofore. The operation was performed by Dr. Green, an oculist of national reputation. Although the disagreeableness of being cross-eyed was removed, the eye-sight was not materially improved.—*Letter*.

At a meeting of the Catholic Deaf-Mute Association, held at St. Francis Xavier's Hall, West 16th street, on Sunday, August 22d, 1880, the following resolution was adopted, unanimously:—Resolved, That Thomas F. Fox be delegated to represent the Catholic Deaf-Mute Association at the first National Convention, to be held at Cincinnati, on August 25th, 1880.

Rev. Job Turner conducted services in Grace Church Chapel, Baltimore, Md., Sunday, August 22d. Among those present were Misses Barry and Ijams, Mr. Ijams, Treasurer of the Manhattan Literary Association, New York, and wife, Messrs. Linton and Ginn, of Macon, Ga., Mr. J. S. Wells and Master Veditz, one of the brightest students in the Maryland School.

Delegates from the Empire State Deaf-Mute Association, the Catholic Deaf-Mute Literary Association of this city; the Boston, the Manhattan and the Lowell Deaf-Mute Literary associations left this city last night to attend the first National Convention of Deaf-Mutes at Cincinnati on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday.—*New York Herald, Monday, Aug. 23d.*

During his brief stay in Baltimore, Md., the Rev. Job Turner had a pleasant and profitable time. On Sunday afternoon, August 22d, a service was conducted in Grace Church Chapel, before about 40 deaf-mutes, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Ijams, of Brooklyn, N. Y., Miss Barry and Ijams, both deaf-mute teachers in the Maryland Institution, Mr. J. B. Linton, of Baltimore, and Mr. Ginn, of Georgia. To Mr. James S. Wells' credit and perseverance belongs the great success with which his mission is conducted in Baltimore.

On last Saturday evening, Jimmy Donnelly, Johnny O'Brien, George Porter and Anty Capelli, of "seal hunting fame," in company with their old chum, Frank Crocker, took a boat to spend the evening under the glimmer of the moon, intending to bring up at Fort Lee on the Jersey side of the Hudson. When about half way across, the coxswain (a capital sailor) got frightened at what he mistook to be a shark, but which on further inspection turned out to be a straw man, made for a scarecrow. The party proceeded to Fort Lee, however, and had a jolly time.

The Deaf-Mute Hancock and English Campaign Club met in its rooms in East Fourth street last evening. Several new names were added to the roll. There were about fifty present. Arrangements were made for a transparency to be placed in front of the club room by September 1. About a dozen mutes were found who, though residing in the country a sufficient length of time, had not been naturalized. A committee was appointed to attend to their cases. At the next meeting speeches will be delivered by Geo. Farley, President; and John Heinzman, Vice-President. The movement is spreading. Many mutes are in favor of the Democratic nominees, but from press of business or other causes have not enrolled themselves.—*New York World, Monday, Aug. 19.*

The report circulated of the death of H. Humphrey Moore, the celebrated deaf-mute artist, is untrue.

Miss A. Elizabeth Rhoades, supervisor of the seamstress department of the New York Institution, has returned from her vacation.

Mr. R. D. Livingstone, who has been visiting in New York City for the past week or so, started for the Convention Monday afternoon.

Stephen F. Sloat, a graduate of the New York Institution, class of '80, has been appointed to fill the position recently vacated by Mr. E. J. Halliey.

Miss Mary L. Hodgman, of Thorndike, Me., expects to visit Rockland and Thomaston, Me., next week. While in Thomaston, she will remain at the home of her brother, Captain D. J. Hodgman.

Deaf-mutes living along the line of the Maine Central R. R. are requested to take, either the Portland or the Kennebec steamers to Boston, if they wish to take advantage of the reduction of fare to the N. E. G. A. Convention. Those who go by the steamer of the Augusta & Boston line, must go on Thursday, September 2d.

A correspondent says:—Mr. Thomas J. Siple has been a member of the Clero Literary Association since its organization. He was elected and held the position of Treasurer for five years, and during all that time he was a faithful, honest and efficient officer, and the members ought to know that he discharged the onerous duties with perfect satisfaction to all concerned; although they did not elect him an Honorary member, to which he was entitled by the faithful discharge of his duties.

In answer to frequent inquiries, Ira H. Derby, publisher of "History of First School for Deaf-Mutes," begs leave to inform his correspondents and the public generally, that the price list of his pamphlets are as follows:—

Wholesale price to agents, 10 cents per copy in quantities of from twelve books and upwards, postage or expressage free. Single copies will be mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cents. Stamps will be taken. Address:—Ira H. Derby, South Weymouth, Mass., Box 32.

A few nights ago, a watchman who attends to his business for a certain sharp-edged tool company on River Street, discovered, about midnight, a man on the premises. He inquired the cause of his appearance on the premises at such an unreasonable hour. No response. The watchman kept quite a distance off, for to all appearance the intruder was an ugly customer. He finally closed on him, firing his revolver a few times in order to scare, which brought no less than eight people on the ground. He hustled the man to the door, crying for help, and slung him over his shoulder, and asked the bystanders to assist him in taking the "burglar" to the station. After a few had handled him they found it an effort, with hat, coat, pants and boots. He was thrown into the river, and sank downwards, feet sticking out of the water, and an old junk man made fast to one of these feet the next morning and carefully towed a supposed body to shore. He, too, found that it was a straw man, to the amusement of the spectators.—*Cleveland Leader*.

## Baltimore Odds and Ends.



## Correspondence.

(Although our columns are open for the publication of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.)

FOR THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

### DEAF!

JUDGE DON MACDONALD DECOURSEY.

I often think it must be sweet,  
The notes of happy birds to hear,  
When from some lofty bough they greet,  
The sun-rays that through clouds appear;  
For I have thought that even I,  
When clouds their shadows o'er me fling,  
If cheering sunlight sent them by,  
Sweet songs of gratitude could sing;  
And, if my heart to song be wrought,  
When grateful thoughts my bosom fill,  
What melodies by nature taught—  
From feathered choristers must thrill—  
But these to hear is not my lot,  
Alas! I hear not—not I see.

I often think, when beauty's lip,  
To music's soul is giving voice,  
And melodies appear to drip,  
How those who cannot hear must rejoice;  
And yet they seem the draughts to drink,  
As though each one was theirs of right—  
'T would wake my gratitude, I think,  
As of the blind restored to sight.  
I catch a trickle now and then;  
It thrills my heart, then melts away,  
And silence then might bring me pain,  
If resignation did not say,  
"Keep this reflection in thy mind,  
Though deaf, thou art not dumb nor blind."

For there I can freely feel,  
And gladly strive to save them pain;  
To further, if I can, their weal,  
And all my selfishness restrain,  
From social throngs I often shrink—  
That else would pleasure give to me—  
Because it is a pain to think  
That I, unwittingly, may be  
A weary trial, and a tax  
On patience, strength or courtesy;  
And seeming, in politeness lax,  
Or gentleness or modesty,  
No; my misfortune is my own,  
And I will bear it all alone.

Alas! I have seen in days gone by—  
What gave me pain, but ne'er offense,  
And wakened many a heavy sigh—  
A trifling smile at my expense,  
And some of those who seem to shrink  
In my misfortune—me perplex—  
(And who forgot I was not blind)  
Were of the fairer, gentler sex!  
And I confess I pined for sore—  
They had forgotten for the time—  
That though the burden which I bore  
Misfortune was, it was no crime.  
I pray that heaven, these may save,  
From pains and stings like those they gave.

I am not sensitive, I think,  
Nor does my burden bear me down,  
The cup is mine and I must drink,  
Why should I shudder, flee or frown,  
I can not shun it if I would,  
And since 'twas sent by hand Divine,  
I would not shun it if I could.  
'Tis best the burden should be mine,  
As so it is with all of us,  
In fortune's frown or cold reverse,  
'Tis best to bear what heaven wills,  
And thankful be it is not worse.  
Alas! in this thought I am content,  
Though deaf, I am not dumb nor blind.

### "COLUMBUS."

A REVIEW OF THE IMPROVEMENTS MADE AT THE OHIO INSTITUTION THE PRESENT VACATION—ITEMS OF A PERSONAL AND GOSSIPING NATURE, AS GATHERED BY OUR CORRESPONDENT THE PAST WEEK.

As the days of vacation decrease, the work of putting the buildings in order grows proportionally less, and the opening day will see everything arranged to welcome the pupils back to their studies. The improvements in and about the house during the present vacation, have been on an extensive scale, and much still remains to be done before every thing will be in apple pie order. Superintendent Fay has been kept busy since school closed in June, supervising the improvements that have or are still being made, besides attending to the duties of his office. In fact, he has been allowed no rest, and must welcome the day, now so near, when he can shift the responsibilities upon other shoulders and let himself to pastures new, where more rest and less work will be his lot.

Being Superintendent of a State Institution in Ohio is no easy task, especially in this one, and the man who thinks he has a soft thing of it upon getting it, will find to his chagrin, that he undertook more than he reckoned upon. In fact, he is required to be and held responsible for every purchase made by the Institution—the Steward making all his purchases upon the Superintendent's orders—and what they are, when so many persons through the greater part of the year are cared for, one can easily guess.

The schoolrooms have all been painted, the prevailing colors being green, blue, pink and cream, with red borders. They have been cleaned up and are ready for use. The rooms of the servants and other employees of the house, have likewise received the attention of the painters.

The building looks to better advantage now since its towers, cornice-work, and the columns and balconies have received a coat of paint, it being of a light drab color, with the roofs of the dormer windows in dark red.

The whole number of windows in the building is 785, and every one of them, a few weeks ago, received a brushing by the painter, being no easy task to go over them.

Hereafter, window blinds in the classrooms will be done away with. Window shutters are now being placed in their stead, and will be quite an improvement for the better.

A portion of the old flooring in the boys' studyroom and the hall just back of it, has been torn up and a new one substituted. Also the floor of the ground hall in the school building has been relaid.

The courts, one on each side of the dining-room, has been laid with concrete, and the open spaces leading to them bowered and guttered, likewise the roadways that run to them have undergone some changes for the better. The brick pavement at the west end of the old building or shops and around the pump, has been raised and somewhat altered.

The two main roadways leading from Town Street to the building, have been guttered on each side and otherwise bettered.

The iron fence encircling the

grounds on the east and south sides, glitters with a new coat of black paint.

An iron railing has been placed around the fountain and along one side of each of the two walks leading from it to the fence, which will serve as dividing lines.

The Russell Memorial Conservatory is reaching completion. It will probably be finished by the time school opens. A gentleman has already been appointed to have charge of it.

The grass on the grounds is in fine condition, especially that in the front portion. Hardly no trace is perceptible of the diamond, marked out by the base ball enthusiasts during school term.

Another "Hill" has made its appearance. It is on the boys' side or on the northeast side of the main plot, just where the roadway curves. It will be a good place to watch the base ball games from, but at the same time, the right field man may object to it, as it will likely interfere with him some.

Two copper coffee boilers, capacity seventy-five gallons each, are among the latest additions to the kitchen.

The pupils, when they return in the fall, will have their attention attracted by two recumbent lions on the front steps, one on each side. The one on the right hand side is wide awake, and with grinning teeth, seems ready to pounce down upon the first intruder. The other, cat-like, feigns sleep, but if it was a real live lion, we would not venture near the treacherous animal. They are made of terra, and have been painted to conform, as much as possible, to the color of the steps.

Prof. McGregor and wife left yesterday for Cincinnati, having enjoyed a pleasant visit among old friends in Columbus.

J. C. Covell, Principal of the West Virginia Institution, stopped over a day in this city on his way to Louisville, Ky., to attend a meeting of the American Instructors of the Blind. From him we are informed that Prof. R. G. Ferguson, of the West Virginia Institution, has been chosen to the position made vacant by C. L. Williams, in the Texas School for Deaf-Mutes, and accepted.

John S. Mott and Michael G. Sheeley, former pupils here, visited the Institution last week.

Collins Sawhill paid the city a visit recently, and had a talk with some of his old friends.

Robert King, they say, did a good business during the late Soldiers' Reunion, in vending peanuts, watermelons, etc., on High Street. He was over at West Jefferson last week, and returned here yesterday evening. He says he has secured employment in that place as a hog biter, and will commence work the first of September.

Postal cards were sent to pupils this week notifying them that school would open September 8th, with requests that they be promptly on hand at the specified time.

Superintendent elect, Mr. Charles S. Perry, moved over into the Institution last Monday and as soon as Mr. and Mrs. Fay leave, will occupy the suit of rooms allotted to the Superintendent.

Miss Belinda Maginnis, the dress maker of the Institution, left yesterday for her home, Zanesville, to be gone till the end of vacation.

Miss Sarah B. Williamson, who has for many years past been employed in the Institution as seamstress, is at her home in Dayton, O., taking a short vacation.

The venerable Mrs. Fay, mother of Superintendent Fay, left the Institution Wednesday last to visit friends in Northern Ohio, where she will remain until Mr. Fay's family start East, and will then accompany them to their new home.

Mr. Fay and wife were handsomely entertained Tuesday evening last, at the beautiful residence of Mr. F. C. Sessions, Secretary of the Board of Trustees of the Institution.

We are informed that Mr. R. H. Kinney, a former teacher here and later Principal of the Nebraska Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, has been appointed to a similar position in the Colorado Institution.

Edward Dundan desires it stated that the beautiful watch chain he is exhibiting, was not presented to him by the members of the Independent base ball club, as published in last week's JOURNAL, but was bought by himself.

It is likely we shall be among those numbered in attendance at the Convention in Cincinnati, next week.

COLUMBUS.

August 19, 1880.

### Letter from Mississippi.

DEAR JOURNAL.—I think the JOURNAL the best deaf-mute paper published, and it is with great pleasure that I write these few lines hoping they will prove interesting to its many readers.

Mr. Alfred Harris, of Hillsboro, Scott Co., Miss., paid us a visit on the 20th of last month, and then went to see some deaf-mute friends, residing in several towns some miles distant, with whom he remained three weeks. After leaving them he again called to see us, in company with Mr. Henry Myers, of York, La., Miss. We had a very pleasant chat relating chiefly on deaf-mute topics, after which Messrs. Harris and Myers left, the former to visit his sister residing in Hillsboro and the latter to call on some mute friends not far distant.

Mr. Myers is the owner of some seventeen acres of land, also of a nice little house, which will soon be under the supervision of a speaking and hearing lady, whom he contemplates marrying.

We had another visitor last week, in the shape of Mr. O. M. Permenter, an old classmate of mine, who remained with us two days.

We hear that Prof. L. W. Saunders and family, contemplate making a visit to Kosciusko, Miss., and Prof. Saunders says if he does not hear from Mr. Peter Riley soon he will return to his home in Jackson, Miss.

Among those spending their vacation at the institution in Jackson, are Misses Martha and Ruth Saunders and Messrs. Horton and Christian. Miss Jennie Brummer left for her home last month. More anon.

W. J. GRAHAM.  
CARTHAGE, MISS., August 14, 1880.

### Stealing's and Things, not by "Mignon."

Well, I'm delighted with "Mignon." I think there are ever so many more deaf-mutes in the Eastern parts than out here, and how sociable they do be! Wish I was out there for a spell.

I saw Beau kissing Kate,  
Upon the kitchen stair;  
Esau, he saw me, too late,  
To say a word, so there!

There's only one thing that I wish "Mignon" would let us know to settle our mind in regard to herself, namely, is she handsome? I do adore beauty; next to wit and intelligence it seems to be the most charming thing in the world. "Mignon," you're a "daisy," but do let up on *Pinafore*, as that's the only failing I can detect in you. Didn't you know that the horrid old thing went out of date long ago? Now, for goodness sake, don't come at me with a murdered batch of it! I'm able to stand most anything else. "Mignon" ought to write poetry. Why don't she?

The art of rhyming is not an easy one—  
I am not glad when I have first begun—  
But feel most happy when the task is done.

Somebody said, sometime since, that she wore six-an-a-half kids. Will she kindly inform the anxious public the number of her shoes?

I hear, tho' vaguely, that there is to be a deaf-mute paper started soon, in California. I do hope 'tis true, for California is behind most of her sister States in that respect. And if it comes, won't we be just too glad for anything! I only state this as a sort of report given me, by one of the parties, who has the motion to start the paper. Speaking of papers, reminds me of Dr. Tanner. Of course you've all heard of him. Well, I was thinking that if most every body would follow his method of diet—forty days between meals—we could let a little more cash go towards buying newspapers, and literary food in general. Wouldn't that be gay?

If "Mignon" is so crazy after a "hubby," why don't she go and find one?

I think the Editor's remarks in his editorial of the 29th last, very good, and true. I have noticed here, in California, that a spirit of envy and depreciating the advances of fellow-mutes to be very common, and it has a disgusting and ignoble look on anybody, and I am sure that if some naturally intelligent mutes would refrain from this show of petty spite, we'd have more friendliness, and less enmity amongst us. It is not confined to the masculine gender, either, I grieve to observe. How kind our editor has been to place the fact of such an obnoxious fault, for fault it is, before us. We should always try to investigate ourselves, and see if our overweening self-appreciation doesn't sometimes blind us to our personal defects more readily than our charity will hide the sins of others from our eyes. Another thing, the generally talented and bright-minded portion of the deaf-mutes in an institution for their benefit, are almost always praised and flattered by their teachers, and shown off on every occasion before strangers, which tends to egotistic feelings on their part towards their inferiors, and jealousy and fear of their rivals. This is a horrible thing, for I sincerely believe that pride of this kind, is the worst of all defects, and spoils the whole effect of a bright and cultivated mind. I have not met a single mute who had been flattered and petted for brightness, who has not subsequently become insufferably conceited in that direction, and who has not disgusted and estranged more than one friend in consequence of this same defect. In some it is under better control than in others; but no body, however guarded in word or action, can always succeed in hiding the cloven-foot. I have noticed that people who have been treated with no deference, who have never been praised, and always regarded as inferiors, seldom grow old in pride and haughtiness. It is better to treat all alike, considerately, but not with a vast show of preference and acknowledgment of his, or her, superiority in all things to the rest of the mutes in that world. It is better to live fighting down our faults, than to leave this world with them unsubdued. It is better to show faults than to hide them under a mask of hypocrisy, and 'tis still better to honestly conquer them, and render ourselves beloved by our friends. It is undoubtedly our own faults which enstrange many friends from us, without our knowing why, and yet great writers have hurled sarcasms at all excepting themselves, for being false and fickle. Probably they themselves were more to blame than anybody else.

I am afraid it is hardly fitting to write this way, for I am not the Editor, and it might sound better in an editorial, than anywhere else, and perhaps not even there. I am too conceited myself, and may have said

something not befitting one of the kind whom I so candidly condemn. Still I try hard to, to conquer what I think a sin, and hope that I can do some of my mute friends a little good, for it is the worst enemy a person can have, is this self-esteem. Selfishness and self-esteem seem to go together, and that makes the possessor of such faults uncharitable, hence the unpleasantness all around. I sincerely wish for good-will and friendship amongst my fellow-mutes, for "God is Love," and we should all try to follow the example of Our Father, whom we worship.

OAKLAND, CAL., Aug. 10, '80.

### Notes of Deaf-Mutes.

In my travels, I have met with several deaf-mutes, and I send narrations of them for the JOURNAL.

Mr. Cornelius Boyle is an intelligent mute living in Cairo, Ill. He is a good typist and works in the *Bulletin* office of that place. He is a comic fellow, loves fun, and imitates the clown to perfection. He is a constant visitor to the Comique.

Both Mr. and Miss Luttrell are mutes, also living at Cairo, Ill. Their brothers, who can hear, are in the clothing business, and intend to take their mute brother in with them. They attended the Jacksonville School.

There are about ten mutes living in and around Jackson, Tenn.

Mr. William Allen married a hearing lady. He is a teamster, owns a team and does hauling for Owen & McCabe's brick yard. John, Ben and Delilah Allison are brothers and sister. John is a carpenter, a good one and has plenty of work. Ben is in the Mobile and Ohio Railroad shops, cleaning locomotives and doing other like work. Delilah is a good dressmaker, and has all she can do. They went to the Knoxville School before the war. Their father once owned slaves and was well off, but the vicissitudes of war ruined them as well as thousands of others all over the "Sunny South."

The two Fleming ladies are good, gentle and handsome. Their father was Superintendent of the M. and O. R. R., above referred to, and their brother has occupied that position since the father's death. They are very well educated.

Mr. D. C. French and Mr. John C. Cox are farming near there. Mr. Cox is a Philadelphian, and attended the National College one term. He has traveled over the continent a great deal.

Mr. Price also lives near there—attended school at Knoxville, Tenn. His father is a good miller.

Mr. John Kidd is another mute at Jackson. He attended the Knoxville School, and was a student at the College two terms. He related many tricks played by the students on each other, on teachers, etc. He spoke highly of President Gallaudet, and related some tricks played on him by the students.

Rev. Job Turner visits Jackson, Tenn., in behalf of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes. He was there in March last, and promised to be there again sometime in September or October.

Mr. Joe Rogers is a very intelligent mute, who lives several miles from Ripley, Miss. He lost his hearing at eighteen years of age and cannot hear any kind of sound whatever, yet he is able to talk very well. He pronounces nearly all the words he uses correctly, so all can understand him. His parents were slave holders and wealthy before the war, but that event stripped them of all their property. Their slaves fled, and it cost enormously to live during the war. His sister says it cost her \$10 for a calico dress. It cost \$30 for a barrel of flour, and the prices of other things were in proportion. When the war ended they were possessed of no property, barring their household furniture and wearing apparel. His mother was a fleshy woman, weighing over two hundred pounds. Having a good education, she taught school until her death. His sister also taught school until she married. Her father moved to Texas, and Joe took another sister down there to live with his father. Joe says he likes Texas very much. He has a fine growing crop of cotton, corn and watermelons.

Miss Laura King is a beautiful, well-educated mute, living at Egypt, Miss. She attended the Mississippi Institution at Jackson. Her father is wealthy.

On the "City of Helena," a splendid steamer, I journeyed from Cairo, Ill., to the city of Columbus, Ky. I enjoyed myself there for a week, then left for Union City, Tenn. At this place Mr. Boyle, the mute above referred to, had his eyes treated by Dr. Edwards, an oculist, whose fame extends as far as Texas.

Two other mutes reside in this city. One, Eugene Lane, attended the Knoxville School several years. His father is well-to-do. His sister married Mr. Polk, who is a partner with her father in business, and also is Mayor of the city.

The other, George Ingram, lives three miles out of the city on a farm. Near the city some time ago, Frank Good, an intelligent mute, met with a fatal accident in a saw mill. He was fixing the great driving belt while it was running, was caught in it and crushed to death.

Hannibal French, who was a leader in the debating society and a member of the base ball club at the Knoxville School, also lives near the city.

Mr. Polk, above referred to, has a mute cousin named Green, who attends the School at Knoxville.

Miss Mary Overall is a mute lady living near Humboldt, Tenn. She is well educated.

JUDGE DECOURSEY.

### Okojumbo & Gege.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—Finding the climate of the Sunny South too warm for us we retraced our steps and here we are again in Washington, the city of strangers. Old friends, boot blackers, paper sellers and hackmen, greeted us with smiling faces and gave us a hearty welcome.

Hardly had we rested our wearied limbs when an excursion to Glymont was announced, and we were soon on the beautiful Arrowsmith steamer. There we met two of the present Senior class with Washington ladies, and one of the Freshmen, ditto. We withold the names of those happy students, so that the evil days come not and the years draw nigh, when some one shall say, "I have no pleasure in them."

As usual, we went out to the college and there had the pleasure of meeting our old friend, Prof. Porter. It will be remembered that he went to Roan Mountain, N. C., in June. He did not remain there long, but went to Tate's Springs, in East Tenn. There, he says, he enjoyed himself, and his looks show that he told the truth. He is fuller in the face and seems more lively and active. He stays at the college only for a day or two and then goes North, on a visit to his relatives.

Prof. Hotchkiss is making a tour through the mountain regions of North Carolina, on foot.

Prof. Chickering is still in North Carolina and walks eighteen to twenty-five miles per day, collecting plants. He has already sent a big load home, and will probably charter a freight train (?) to bring the rest.

Leaving the college, we met with George C. Sawyer, the inimicable pantomimist of the college, and he kindly gave us an invitation to the wedding of his father, ex-Senator Sawyer and Mrs. M. E. Schwartz, of Penn., a well known correspondent of the *National Republican*. The ex-Senator was dressed in the usual costume of a bridegroom—plain, black broad cloth. The bride was tastefully attired in a rich brown silk dress. But if there is anything on earth we hate, it is to undertake to describe a lady's wearing apparel.

The tucks, quills, pull-backs, hang-ups, bustles, bangs, hug-me-tight, etc., almost run us crazy when we think of them. Suffice to say that the happy bride looked exceedingly charming. They left immediately for Nashville, Tenn., where they mean to reside. George will now become a Tennessean.

After leaving the wedding, we took a walk out to the avenue and there we met a middle aged man, who, judging from his looks, had not washed since Dr. Tanner began fasting. At first, from his walk, we took him to be a semi-mute, but when he came closer we saw or smelt, that deafness was not the cause of his staggering. He stopped us and began a conversation, using the manual alphabet. He then gave us his card on which he had M. D., attached to his name, and asked us if we knew what M.D. meant. We replied, "certainly, it means Mule Driver." The old fellow became so disgusted that he walked away and we continued our ramble.

"We, Us & Co." asks to what tribe we belong. We do not want to say just yet until "Mignon" falls as deeply in love with us as she has with "Lester Montrose." We may be two Abyssinian Kings, for all he knows. He must be content with our letters and not inquire too closely concerning our race.

More anon.

### Michigan Odds and Ends.

The coming National Convention, at Cincinnati, is the main attraction in the deaf-mute community nowadays, and those who can afford to attend are eagerly looking forward to the all important event. We hope it will be a complete success, and that after the occurrence, it will hold a conspicuous place on the records of Deaf-Mute History, and also trust the more prominent deaf-mutes will do all in their power to make it a success to all.

We recently received two photographs, one a picture of the *Picnic at Grosse Isle*, July 5th. Nothing could be more perfect. The hall on the Isle, and the wharf with the mutes standing on it, or sitting in groups, or rowing in boats, was a perfect picture of the scene, and recalled vividly the events of that day. The other was of the collision on the Michigan Central Railroad, last October.

These pictures are copies from the original sketches drawn by our well-known artist, Mr. M. H. Kerr, of Jackson. They deserve great credit, and also show that he has an interest in his work. They have been much admired in "Our Valley" since their reception, by visitors or callers. Rumor says he has been invited to stop at a certain place in Indiana in order to take the portrait of a young maid on there. Don't fail to patronize him at the National Convention, for he is going with his "pencils and brushes," and will gladly sketch anything you may desire without any trouble. Probably he will surprise you with a sketch of the Convention, as he did us, so take our advice, and look your best, and be sure to be in a romantic and graceful position, for don't you know artists are worse than newspaper reporters. They paint in pictures, not in words. I do hope "Mignon" and "Lester Montrose" will be conspicuous in the picture, should it be sketched.

The blind pupils of Michigan, now

have an institution of their own, located at Lansing. Prof. McElroy, of Indiana, is the principal, and Miss L. V. Abbott, of Flint, the matron. Now there will be "peace" at the Flint Institution, and ample room, and the deaf-mutes may well rejoice over the change.

In less than four weeks the "drum" will call the wandering ones together, and active preparations made for another long term, and we do seriously hope a term minus so much sickness and anxiety as the last one was. Many of our Michigan friends will regret to learn that Miss E. M. Bolt, one of Michigan's "stars," will move to Kansas in September, with her mother. It is with reluctance she leaves us, and declares she will leave her heart in "dear old Michigan." May success attend you "Tina," in your new home in the Far West, is our mutual wish.

Who goes next? Echo answers: "Do not know." We hope it will be none of the "dear ones," for 'tis really hard to lose a cherished one.

Our attention was drawn to an Editorial on "Work," in the 32d number of the JOURNAL, and we would like to dwell on this subject a little. A certain author has said: "Do the duty that lies nearest to thee," therefore is just and honorable that a man should do the work that lies before him, provided it is for his benefit and welfare, no matter how however humble and tedious it may seem. No work however menial can make a man lose his self-respect. Fame and Fortune are not the works of a moment. It is often by patient endurance and numerous drawbacks that we achieve our dearest hopes. The beautiful hills are composed of innumerable blades of slender grass, and it is of small things a great life is made up, and also by "small things" that great ones are attained. So in conclusion, we say let us work, heedless of the "ridicule and sneers" of others, for there is surely a "beacon of hope to break the darkness of night" for us all.

NEWCOMER.

VALLEY OF PEACE, Aug. 16, 1880.

### Manhattan Literary Association.

The Manhattan Literary Association held a special meeting on Thursday evening last, at their rooms in St. Ann's Church, for the purpose of considering the advisability of sending one or more delegates to represent it in the Cincinnati Convention. Although the roll of membership contains some fifty names, only twenty-two put in appearance.

The meeting was called to order at 8:10 p.m., by the President stating the object of the meeting, and introducing Mr. Farley, and requesting him to "open the ball."

At this moment, the Editor of the JOURNAL dropped in among us unawares, and the argus eye of your correspondent detected him taking a rather obscure seat in the room, as did also the speaker, who asked that he be excused for a while, and Mr. Hodgson be allowed the floor, stating that the latter was better "posted" on Convention matters than himself.

The so-called business manager of the Brooklyn *Leader* arose and stated that he was irrevocably opposed to any outsider being allowed to participate in the business of the meeting. Mr. Farley then became rather indignant at this, and in a few well chosen remarks, showed that Mr. Hodgson or any other member of another deaf-mute association had all the privileges of a member, except voting, a clause in the By-Laws of the association being to that effect.

The question whether Mr. Hodgson should be granted the privilege of the floor was put to a vote, (a quite unnecessary thing, the Constitution having provided for that) and declared carried.

He was then introduced, and stated that to comfortably outfit a delegate, a sum between \$35 and \$40 would be needed, and then showed the incalculable benefits the Association would derive from having some one represent it in the Convention. His remarks carried conviction with them, and before he had finished, those who were before on the "fence," were the most ardent supporters of the measure. When he had finished, the members showed their approval by long applause.

He was followed by Messrs. Farley, Campbell, Rotter, Godfrey, (the only one of the two who voted against sending a delegate, who had the courage to openly oppose it), Clark, Fox, (of the National Deaf-Mute College, whose remarks brought down the house), Eckardt, Fitzgerald and McNally.

A vote being taken, it was found that eighteen were in favor of sending a delegation, and two opposed to it.

Farley then moved, that the delegation consist of three members. Godfrey moved to amend it so that it should read the association should attend in a body. Rotter was in favor of one, Stein thought two would suffice; he was opposed to drawing too heavily on the association's fund.

The President having put the question as to the number to be sent, it was found that a majority were in favor of sending two.

Before proceeding to ballot for candidates, Farley moved that a candidate must receive a majority of (3), one-half the number of votes cast.

The balloting for candidates then began. In the meantime, considerable button-holing, wire-pulling and canvassing was in progress. Remarks on the shabbiness of one of the candidate's clothes were openly expressed. The association seemed to have forgotten that "the tailor don't make

the man." Ah old time Democratic primary election would have been thrown in the shade in comparison with the lobbying that was witnessed there. Below we give the ballots:—

FIRST BALLOT.  
Froehlich..... 15  
Wilkinson..... 3  
Farley..... 2  
Clark..... 1  
Rotter..... 1  
Necessary for a choice, 15. Froehlich elected.

SECOND BALLOT.  
Wilkinson..... 13  
Farley..... 8  
Fitzgerald..... 1  
Clark..... 1  
No choice.

THIRD BALLOT.  
Wilkinson..... 12  
Farley..... 10  
No choice.

FOURTH BALLOT.  
Wilkinson..... 13  
Farley..... 9  
No choice.

FIFTH BALLOT.  
Wilkinson..... 13  
Farley..... 9  
No choice.

It now seemed as if a second edition of the never-to-be-forgotten Chicago Convention was to be in order. But no, the members didn't relish the idea of an all night session, the hour was rather late, and they preferred to vote Morpheus to sitting on the hard benches, so the sixth and final ballot showed that several of the "stalwarts" had gone over to the other side.

SIXTH BALLOT.  
Wilkinson..... 15  
Farley..... 7  
Wilkinson elected.

Both delegates thanked the association for their election, and promised to look after its interests to the best of their ability in the Convention.

### From East Saginaw, Michigan.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—There are ten deaf-mutes in Saginaw, but there are more in Saginaw counties, which cannot be learned.

Your correspondent wishes to inform all mutes in Saginaw, that Rev. A. W. Mann is expected to hold a service for mutes on September 16th, 1880, at St. Paul's Church, in the city of East Saginaw. Further notice will be sent to every mute in Saginaw in a few days. Hope every mute will get ready and attend the service.

Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan, Messrs. Colby, Zimmerman, Anabwa and Eggleston, all of Flint, were at Point Lookout on the 25th of July.

"Sly & Bros." number fifteen boots were on exhibition along the picnic from Flint to Bay City, via Point Lookout, on the 28th; they are very handsome, and will be shipped to Baso Lake in a few days, then to the National Convention, but perhaps there will not be room enough for them.

The Canadian mutes held a picnic last week in Toronto, Ontario, and there was a mute with one leg, who kept his mouth open all day at their picnic, and told tales to every mute who was there, about the "Michigan correspondent." It is not a surprise, as the "Michigan correspondent" has learned all that he said. Well, George, keep yourself from saloons and from bad reputation.

It is understood that John N. Lowry, of South Saginaw, will leave that town about the end of the present month, to go to his farm in Gaylord, Michigan.

"Sly & Bros." say that they were very sorry that they were not at the Re-union at Detroit, on the 5th prox., in course of getting "sp



## WALL STREET.

### The Incalculable Wealth Contained In Its Four-Elevenths of a Mile.

#### The Richest Block in America and Its Characteristics.

#### A MINT NEEDED IN NEW YORK.

Wall street is the money centre not only of New York but of America. It is exactly 1,920 feet, or 48 furlongs, or four-elevenths of a mile long.

It would have been longer, but Trinity church got in its way.

To estimate the wealth contained in this short distance would require greater mathematical genius than the late Zera Coleburn ever possessed.

A million is a big sum, but one building in this short street covers over one hundred millions.

Another is rarely without from fifty to seventy-five millions.

Two private banking houses handle probable \$100,000,000 of bonds a year each.

In the line of banking alone the business done in this limited space is equal to the total banking business of any five of the States of the Union.

As to dealings in stocks, railroad bonds and shares of mining and other companies, Wall street is so far ahead of the rest of the country that there is no comparison possible.

But banking is not all that Wall street is famous for. It has several colonies of lawyers, some of whom enjoy national reputations.

It is the home of several of the richest and most famous of the railroad lawyers.

And gives office room to more than one authority on International law. Samuel J. Tilden has an office on Wall street. He made his fortune as a railroad lawyer.

William M. Everts, Secretary of State, is Wall street's recognized authority on international law. He is believed to have received the largest fees on record.

In the Vanderbilt bill case he made his shortest speech—four words—and his retaining fee was \$50,000.

#### BUILDINGS.

The First National Bank is putting up a nine-story building at Broadway and Wall street.

It is to be of dark granite and brick.

Some of the commissions on the government four per cents will be sunk in this structure. But it will pay. Offices are in great demand.

Nos. 12, 14 and 16, in the first of which Mr. S. J. Tilden used to have an office, have been torn down.

Mrs. Frederick Stevens, known as one of the richest of widows, has replaced them by lofty buildings, magnificently equipped.

All the offices are fitted up in white walnut.

Rent is in proportion to the fittings.

Jay Cook's old marble building at the corner of Nassau street has a clean face and two new stories.

Its white marble looks much less gloomy than it did in September, 1873.

Kidder, Peabody & Co., Boston bankers, are to occupy Jay Cook's old offices.

Just below Broad street, where Chancery court used to swarm with a hodge-podge of brokers and lawyers, there is one of the finest buildings on the street.

It accommodates two big insurance companies and a host of lawyers and brokers.

These are the marked changes, but within the past year many of the buildings have been refitted.

Property in Wall street pays. Rents are about twenty-five per cent higher than anywhere else.

One building has paid for itself ten times over in as many years.

And no wonder. An office little bigger than a chicken coop brings \$25 a month.

There is no more talk of moving the Stock Exchange.

In fact, an extension on the site of the historical gold room, where Speyer lost his head while Jay Gould was conspicuous for his absence, is under way.

The Exchange is a bonanza now. Seats sell for \$17,500 and are hard to get.

#### THE BANKS.

The First National will have the biggest and most expensive building. But that doesn't make it the biggest bank on Wall Street.

There are twenty banks between Broadway and the ferry, exclusive of the agencies of the heaviest European bankers.

Their aggregate of business is greater than that of all the banks in several of the States.

The Manhattan Company has the broadest and most comprehensive charter supposed to exist in this country.

It is really a banking company, but it could, if it pleased, run a line of steamboats, or a sawmill, or a corporate shoe shop, or anything else.

Its original mission was to supply the city with water, and it did so until Croton loomed up.

Still, to make the charter valid, the company maintains its water works.

The pump and reservoir are at Centre and Reed streets, and the company has one customer.

He is believed to be the only man in New York who has no Croton water tax to pay.

He gets good water, too, which is more than the Croton consumers do, at times.

#### THE RICHEST BLOCK.

The block between Broad and William streets is probably the richest in America.

It contains the Sub-Treasury and Assay Office, nine large banks, one of the leading private banking firms, and a private banking house that has the reputation of handling more bullion than any firm in America.

J. B. Colgate & Co. are the big bullion men and Morgan, Drexel & Co., the bankers.

The Sub-Treasury now contains about \$90,000,000 in specie and \$7,000,000 in currency.

Right next door, in a shaky old building that ought to be torn down, is the Assay Office.

It holds \$40,000,000 in bullion to-day, but at times \$50,000,000 in ingots and bars can be seen by those lucky enough to be admitted.

By some foolish mismanagement the mints have been located as far as possible from the commercial centre of the country.

One is in Philadelphia, another in New Orleans and a third in San Francisco.

The result is that bullion has to be shipped from the Assay Office to the mints by express.

This involves a frightful expense to the government, but blows a golden breeze in the direction of the Adams Express Company.

Reshipping bullion costs the government \$125,000 a month for expressage.

At this rate the expressage of two years would build a Mint and a new Assay Office.

The express company might not like it, but the taxpayers would.

New York needs a Mint and should have one.

It would save the government over \$1,000,000 a year, and would facilitate business.

General Hillhouse, true to his soldierly instincts, has caused the Sub-Treasury to be so fitted up that it can be promptly garrisoned and defended in case of riot or disturbance.

Rather a wise precaution in the event of another riot such as that of 1863.

Down at Pearl street is the old Seaman's Savings Bank.

Such a staid old concern looks out of place in the hurly-burly of Wall street.

It don't make call loans.

It don't pay dividends until they are earned.

It don't risk depositors' money on wild cat securities.

Altogether, it is entirely too conservative for modern Wall street.

Still, it is good for the clerks, many of whom keep their savings in it.

#### MERCANTILE WALL STREET.

Below William Street Wall street loses its distinctively financial characteristics, but is tremendously rich notwithstanding.

Here are the offices of the heaviest sugar refiners and coffee and spice merchants in the country.

Havemeyer & Elder (late the De Castro Company) and Matthieson & Weichers lead in the sugar trade.

B. G. Arnold, W. L. Scott & Sons, Hard & Rand and Meyer Bros. & Co. may be mentioned among the coffee men.

The capital these houses represent is colossal.

The cotton men, too, are gradually creeping into the lower part of the street and add no inconsiderable share to its wealth.

To cap the climax Higgins, the soap man, is located not far from the ferry.

Perhaps he thinks some of his goods may be good where there is so much corruption as always attends large financial operations.

And perhaps he is right.

Wall street has two great clocks—Trinity and Ladd's—and the latter is almost as popular as the former.

#### MAGNATES—PRESENT AND PAST.

Jay Gould, who is credited with all that is, and most of what is not done, keeps himself very much to himself.

Most of his business is done through brokers who can only guess at the motives of the great speculator.

His name seldom or never occurs in a stock or money transaction.

He has offices at Nos. 5 and 7 New street and Nos. 80 and 82 Broadway, and is so hemmed in by trusty agents that he can seldom be seen.

Belden, Bennett & Co., his own firm, do considerable of his stock business, and Mr. Morisini, whose position it would be hard to define, signs his checks.

James A. Keene is equally secluded at No. 30 Broad street. One must pass a cordon of messengers and finally confront a private secretary before obtaining an interview.

Even then the odds are ten to one that he can't get much out of Mr. Keene.

A marked contrast to these kings of speculation is jovial old John Tobin.

Fifteen years ago he, too, was king of Wall street.

But in those days men spoke with awe of a million. Now a man must be worth three million at least if he expects to be looked up to.

Well, Mr. Tobin is poor now, but none the less genial.

He comes up from his Staten Island farm once in a while and takes a modest "flyer" in a small way.

Ten dollars is an "investment" now to the man who once lost nearly \$2,000,000 in one single operation.

Stockwell, of Pacific Mail fame, is seldom seen on the street.

He used to be the most dashing of all operators, but got swamped in the steamship pool.

He is said to have made \$1,000,000 in Europe.

William S. Woodward, another dethroned king, is often seen in the neighborhood of his former triumphs. He was ruined by Rock Island—a rock that many a good man ran foul of some years ago. He is said to be poor.

#### COLONEL LAKE'S REVENGE.

I had been foolish and weak, but not wicked, in my innocent coquetry with Leigh Lake. I say innocent because I had imagined it sport to him as well as to myself.

He had the reputation of being not only the handsomest man in his regiment, but the greatest flirt, and I laughed when he had been presented to me, and said to myself, "It shall, in this case, be 'diamond cut diamond.'"

Somehow my eyes had fallen under his first admiring glance, but I fortified myself with the thought: "So he always looks. It is the first move in his attack."

I met glance with glance, smile with smile, and pretty speech with saucy retort or sentimental repartee, according as one or the other could be delivered with more telling effect.

"Are you sincere?" he questioned one evening. "Answer me frankly. If you are not, tell me so now."

"In other words," I answered, "throw down my arms, acknowledge my defenceless condition, and smilingly invite you to march to victory."

"No," he said. "At your hand I prefer defeat. You acknowledge, however, that you hold weapons, in other words, that you wear a mask."

"No," I replied. "I wear no mask. I carry no weapons. Be merciful, Colonel Lake."

He grew pale, opened his lips as if to speak, then, hastily rising and making a brief adieu, he left me.

For the first time I was a little frightened, a little in doubt as to its being wholly a matter of amusement to him—a little dubious as to how Roger would regard my conduct in the matter, for Roger played a very important part in my life even then, since—although five hundred miles away—he had my promise that on his return I would become his wife, and I determined on the Colonel's next visit I would turn the conversation into other channels.

But I had no opportunity to carry my good intentions into effect. His first act when he entered the room the next evening, where I sat alone, was to cross directly in front of me, then to stoop and take both my hands in his.

"You asked me last night to be merciful," he began. "God help me if you did not mean those words. They have been ringing in my ears ever since. Child, do you know—do you dream—how I love you?"

My life, though I am to-day thirty-five years of age. What a little, frail thing you are, and yet you hold in these little hands a strong man's destiny. Speak to me, love! Tell me that my wife is here before me!"

In that moment my coquetry took wings and fled away, and in its stead came a dull realization of what I had done.

I strove to draw my hands from his. As well might I have tried to dislodge a stone embedded for centuries in the mountain side. My self possession forsook me. In my fright I blundered out the worst possible thing I could have said:

"I cannot do that. I cannot be the wife of two men. I thought you knew I was engaged."

A look of steely, icy contempt flashed into his eyes. He wrung my fingers an instant until I cried out with the pain.

"You dare to tell me this," he cried in low, concentrated tones. "Answer me one question. What mean, pitiful motive induced you to do this thing?"

"I did not know you were in earnest," I replied, remembering as I spoke how hard I had tried to make him so—though never, in my innermost thoughts to this extent—never, as the Great Father is my judge, to blast his future, or to bring about his mouth the white lines of agony now drawn there.

"I thought, a moment ago," he answered then, very slowly, "that in my life I had no other prayer to make to heaven. I make one now, and that is, that I may live to see you suffer through your love as you have made me suffer through mine."

His words sounded like a curse. They filled the room, and oppressed my very soul with a nameless dread and a haunting presence of evil.

Shivering, I buried my face in my hands. When I lifted it, I was alone, Colonel Lake had left me.

"When Roger comes home I will tell him all about it," I whispered to myself.

But somehow, when three months later, Roger came, I had so much to think of in the busy preparation for my marriage, and my sky was so blue that I could not bear to risk upon it a single cloud.

The Colonel's words seemed very idle now. As though any misery could grow out of the deep heart-love Roger and I felt for each other. How small, how unworthy of him had been my idle coquetry in the past. Never mind. I had all my future to atone.

Then came my wedding day, when the outer world gave me its smiling benison, in bright sunshine and balmy breezes.

I was Roger's now—his very own—

and could have defied the very universe in my exquisite happiness. Six months later my husband entered our little sitting-room one morning, bearing in his hand a letter stamped with an official seal.

"Be," he said—my name is Beatrice, but as I was too undignified for its possession, they shortened it to Be—and his voice trembled a little—"it is very soon, darling, to remind you that you are a soldier's wife; but I am ordered at once to report to Fort — under Colonel Lake's command. They anticipate trouble with the Indians. God knows how I hate to leave you, my precious little wife, but there is no alternative. I must start within twenty-four hours."

"Leave me!" I cried, starting to my feet, and throwing myself sobbingly on his breast. "You should not leave me! Take me with you, Roger, or you will break my heart!"

"Child, it would be madness for you to undertake the hardships of a frontier life. I cannot consent."

But I pleaded so piteously that at last, reluctantly yet gladly, he promised we should start on the evening of the next day.

When I had time to think it over, I remembered he had said the post was under Colonel Lake's command. I shuddered. He it was, doubtless, whose influence had ordered my husband from my side, since he had not dreamed of my accompanying him.

Oh, what further evil might he not work him? My courage failed me—I must wait and watch. At least he should only strike at him through me.

Our journey lasted three weeks. I was worn and exhausted at its close. The Colonel himself met our ambulance on its arrival.

"You have brought your wife?" I heard him say, in amazed tones, in answer to some remarks of Roger's, after the first greeting. "We will do all we can to make her comfortable, but it is very little. Besides—"

He added something in a voice so low that I failed to catch it.

A moment later I caught sight of his face as Roger lifted me down in his arms. I almost cried out in my surprise. His hair, which had been black as a raven's wing one short year ago, was almost white. He looked fully fifty years of age. The sight caused my fear and resentment to vanish, and I held out my hand.

"Won't you welcome me, Colonel?" I said.

He bowed without seeming to notice my outstretched hand, murmured some courteous words of greeting, then turned away to give command to an orderly standing near.

I saw very little of him in the weeks that followed. They were weeks full of excitement, for the Indians were constantly molesting us, and fears were entertained that they were meditating an attack. Indeed, they had expected one on the very night of our arrival, and this was what the Colonel had confided to my husband.

Still, spite of all, I was glad to be there. Away from Roger I should have sickened with suspense. Now I was by his side to meet and know the worst.

"Why are not you and Lake better friends?" he said to me one day. "I cannot understand it."

Nor could I explain, now that I had kept silent so long; besides my distrust was wearing away. Although distant and reserved, quietly repelling all my advances, I felt that Colonel Lake would work Roger no wrong.

Until one morning my sophistries fled. The Indians had made a sortie. No one knew their numbers or their strength. It was necessary to send out an advance guard from our little garrison, though each man who went, well knew that he might never return.

At 11 o'clock my husband, to my amazement, entered my room, in full uniform.

"Good-bye, little Be!" he said. "Pray for my safe return, dear. I am ordered to take command of the advance."

"You shall not go!" I cried, wildly. "It is his revenge! Fool that I have been to have trusted him!"

"My darling, calm yourself. What do you mean?"

"Wait here a moment!" I exclaimed.

Leaving him transfixed with astonishment, I flew across to the Colonel's room.

He was buckling on his sword as I entered.

"You have done this thing," I began; "you have seen how happy I am, and you must convert it into agony. Reclaim your orders—leave my husband. I throw myself at your feet, at your mercy."

"I would have spared him if I could. He is the only officer at the post capable of just this attack. I accompany him, Mrs. Lee. The danger is divided, and equal for both."

"Go, if it must be, to your death!" I answered, cruelly. "You have no right to drag my husband with you. He shall not go!" But words were useless, though I fancied, as he turned away, I saw a tear glimmering in his eye. Still I pleaded, clinging to Roger's neck, when he crossed in search of me.

At last they tore him from my senseless form, and when I had recovered consciousness they were far beyond the reach of my entreaties, but not my prayers, sent to a higher throne.

"Punish him, oh God!" I cried in my agony, "but spare my husband and bring him back to me. He said I should suffer. Ah, what was his

suffering to this intolerable torture and suspense."

The day wore slowly on. At nightfall, when my brain was bursting, we heard the sound of a distant bugle. Some, at least, of the little band had returned.

Like a white statue I went forth to meet them. They came slowly, bringing with them some shrouded forms. Among the latter I knew that I should find my husband, even as, finding him, I knew I should go mad.

But no! Leading the van he came sitting on his horse, though in his eyes there smiled no welcome, and on his face was a ghastly pallor, but he was here, and I was not a widowed wife.

I threw myself on the neck of the horse; I kissed his mane, his forehead. I clung to Roger in my wild joy at seeing him again.

"You are alive—you are alive!" I said, over and over.

"Yes," he answered, "but at what a cost! A man to-day gave up his life for me."

He sprang from his horse then, and led me to the litter in the rear. The white, dead face of Colonel Lake looked up at us both.

"We killed him, Be—you and I," my husband said. "He was the noblest man that ever lived."

And then he told me all the story. He had ridden a little in advance of the command, when he had suddenly been surrounded by the foe. Fight desperately as he would, he would soon have been overpowered, but that the Colonel had seen his danger.

Spurring his horse ahead of his men, he had flown to the rescue, charging down in the very midst of a shower of arrows.

"It was a deed worthy of a god," my husband continued. "I thought we were both unhurt, almost miraculously so. We were beating a retreat to our command, when one of the wily savages launched his tomahawk at my breast. The Colonel saw it glitter in the air, and throwing himself before me, caught the blow. The next instant we were in safety, but safety gained too late."

"Don't regret it," he said, pressing my hand. "Tell her I did it for her sake. I loved her Roger, my boy. I have not cared much for living since; and now—now that I have spared her the suffering I would once have wished her—I am glad to die. Ask her to forgive me for those rash words—I never meant them—and let her future happiness be my atonement."

I have been Roger's wife many happy years now. He is too noble to reproach me, though I told him all.

#### Think Again.

Queen Victoria was not twenty years of age when she ascended the throne. Coming into possession of power, with a heart fresh, tender, and pure, and with all her instincts inclined to mercy, we may be sure that she found many things that tried her strength of resolution to the utmost.

On a bright, beautiful morning the young queen was waited upon at Windsor Palace by the Duke of Wellington, who had brought from London various papers requiring her signature to render them operative.

One of them was a sentence of court-martial, pronounced against a soldier of the line—that he be shot dead! The queen looked upon the paper, and then looked upon the wondrous beauties that nature had spread to her view.

"What has this man done?" she asked.

The duke looked at the paper, and replied, "Ah! my royal mistress, that man, I fear, is incorrigible? He has deserted three times."

"And can you not say something in his behalf, my lord?"

Wellington shook his head.

"Oh, think again, I pray you!"

Seeing that her majesty was so deeply moved, and feeling sure she would not have that man shot in any event, he finally confessed that the man was brave, gallant, and really a good soldier.

"But," he added, "think of the influence!"

"Influence?" cried Victoria, her eyes flushing and her bosom heaving with strong emotion. "Let it be ours to wield influence. I will try mercy in this man's case; and I charge you, your grace, to let me know the result. A good soldier, you said. Oh, I thank you for that! And you may tell him that your good words have saved him."

Then she took the paper and wrote, with a bold, firm hand, across the dark page, the bright, saving word—"Pardoned!"

The duke was fond of telling the story, and he was willing also to confess that this giving of that paper to the pardoned soldier, gave him far more joy than he could have experienced from the taking of a city.

How to Tell the Approach of Storms.

John H. Tice, the weather prophet at St. Louis, gives the following directions to those who aspire the weatherwise:

As every one is interested in the weather, so each one should qualify himself or herself to read the sky, and to interpret the meaning of the winds, sky, and clouds.

An intensely blue and serene sky indicates heavy rains and severe storms in from twelve to forty-eight hours. A gray, hazy sky indicates continuous dry and generally hot weather.

A southeast wind indicates the existence of a low barometer, if not a storm centre, in the northwest. The

aspects of the sky and clouds will tell whether it means mischief or not. An almost immediate cessation of rain may be expected as soon as the northwest wind sets in. It matters not what the aspects of sky are when the west wind sets in; fair weather will ensue and continue from three to four days. The passage of a storm centre from the Gulf and southeastward of our locality is a partial exception only so far that it clears off more tardily.

There are really but two primary kinds of clouds, namely, (1) those that float at a great height above the earth's surface, and (2) those that float low. Those that float high, say from six to nine miles, are of a fibrous and gauzy structure; they are hence called cirrus, that is, hair or tuft clouds. The clouds that form the lower strata of the atmosphere, say from one to three miles above the earth, are irregular in structure, and of a more or less nodular form. They are called the cumulus, that is, the heap or pile cloud.

While the cirrus remains nebular in structure and indistinctly defined against the sky, no rain need be expected. Under the low barometer, however, they develop by accretion, become smooth and compact in structure and much enlarged in volume. They now sink lower, and become largely defined against the blue sky. Rain may now be expected, especially if they unite with the cumulus forming the nimbus or rain cloud. If the cirrus, instead of forming the nimbus, reascends, it dissipates, and no rain need be expected until it lowers again, which generally is in twenty-four hours.

#### Got Even With Him.

Mr. Ketten was invited to a party at the house of a gilt-edged, large importing merchant in San Francisco, and attended the same with his wife, as would any other expected guest.

To his surprise, however, he found the company sitting solemnly around as though in a concert hall, and himself at once pressed to "play something" by his host.

The courteous Frenchman complied, and, in response to repeated requests, continued to entertain the company for nearly two hours. When at last he was thoroughly fatigued, supper was announced, whereupon the host arose and said: "You've got piano punching down fine, Ketten, old fellow. Now if you'll play these young folks a few quadrilles and polkas while the balance of us go down to hash, I'll send up Martha Louise to relieve you presently; or, if you like, you can have something sent up, and eat it right here on the piano. I first kinder calculated to have engaged a couple of fiddlers, but the old lady said she thought you would not mind